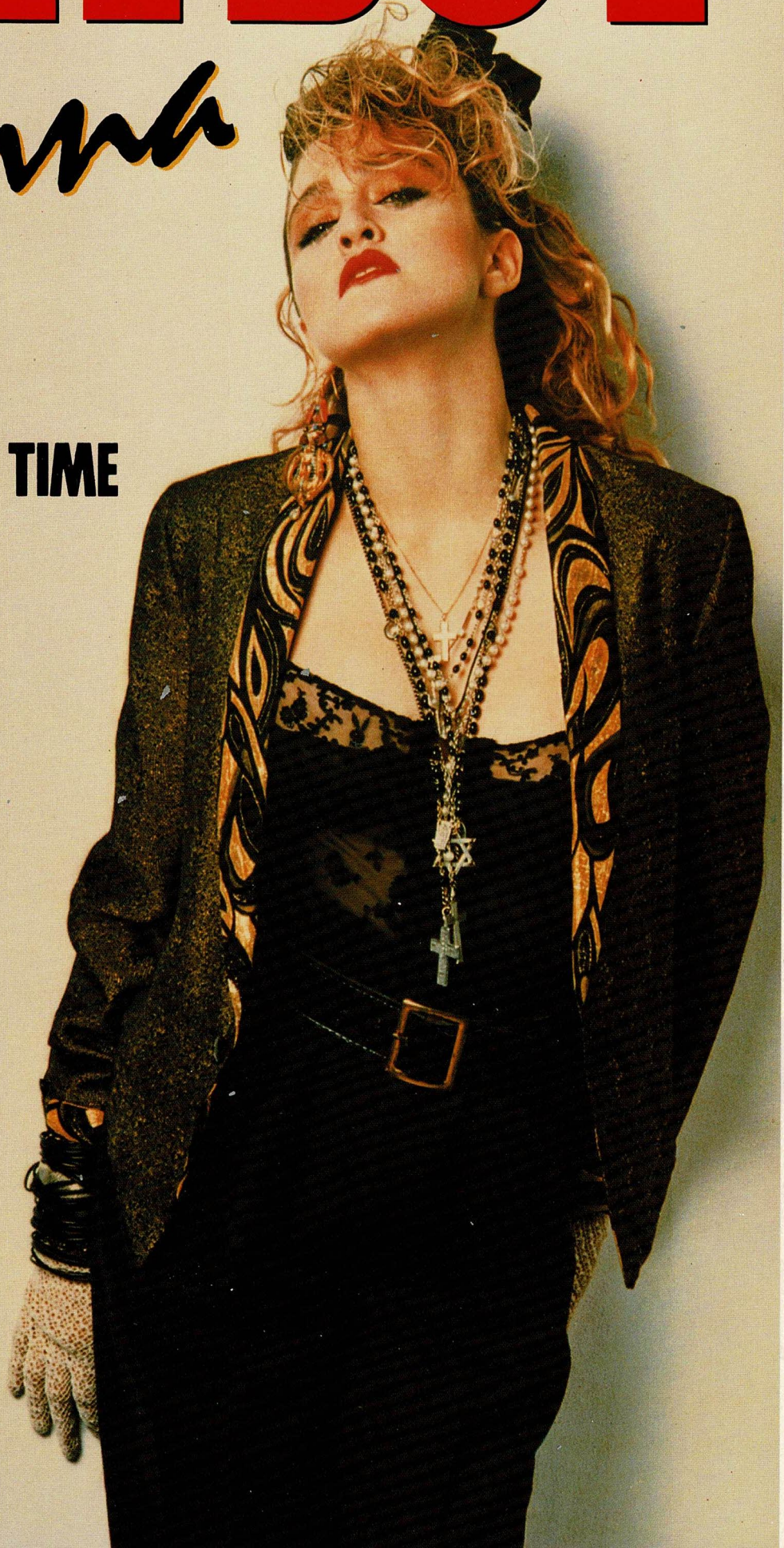
AUSTRALIAN

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
SEPTEMBER 1985 $3.75*

PLAYBOY

Madonna

NUDE!
UNLIKE A VIRGIN...
FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME



WALLY LEWIS
LEAGUE SUPERSTAR TACKLED HEAD ON

FIDEL CASTRO
A REVOLUTIONARY INTERVIEW

CENTREFOLD
SHANNON
OUR BALLINA BEAUTY

SEXUAL FANTASIES
WHAT DO THEY MEAN?

THE EMPTY BEACH
TRADING PUNCHES WITH BRYAN BROWN

What do sailors share when they're away from home?

The secret of the dark, rich satisfying taste of Guinness.

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PLAYBILL

The hottest woman in showbiz today is Madonna. No contest. She's one of those rare and electrifying performers who can drive audiences wild whether she's on stage or screen. This month we're thrilled to be featuring her nude photos, and we guarantee they'll send you crazy for her as well. Madonna has stormed her way to fame as the raunchy rock'n'roller who sings like no virgin ever could. She opens her concerts by holding up a portable radio-cassette player, smiling slyly and saying, "How do you like my box?" In other words, our kind of girl. Even back in 1979, renowned photographer **Lee Friedlander** saw something special in the then 20-year-old model. We do, too, and so will you. Guaranteed.

This month's candid interview with Cuban leader Fidel Castro is one of our finest. Our interviewers, **Dr Jeffrey M. Elliot** and **Mervyn M. Dymally**, spent a total of 25 hours over a period of nine days interviewing Castro. Elliot tells us during that time Castro averaged no more than three hours' sleep each night, yet became stronger, more animated and more exuberant as the interview sessions progressed. The result is an astonishingly frank look at Castro the man: what motivates him, his opinions of US President Ronald Reagan, apartheid, and the Soviet world view.

An equally outspoken interview subject this month is rugby league superstar Wally Lewis. We sent writer **Tony Durkin** to tackle the Queensland footy hero and Lewis's replies to our 20 Questions make for lively, balls 'n' all reading.

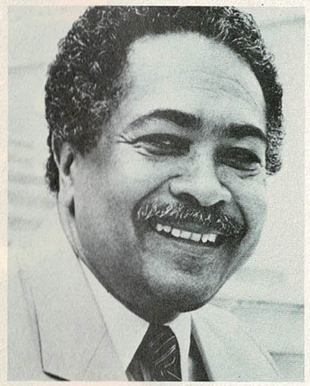
Revelations of a rather different sort are contained in **David Black**'s article, *Sexual Fantasies.* What do such imaginings reveal about your personality? You may have dreams about getting it on in a phone booth filled with mashed bananas, but would you really do it, given the chance? Black provides some intriguing answers.

Our centrefold for September is pretty young Shannon Long from the NSW north coast town of Ballina. Shannon is just 16 and her trip to Sydney to pose for Australian PLAYBOY photographer **Bob Watson** has been, she claims, her most exciting experience.

Ever wondered if it would be possible to break into the heart of a computer and perform some surgical sleight-of-hand (like transferring millions of dollars into your Swiss bank account)? It can be, and has been, done. **Gareth Powell**'s article, *Computer Crime,* shows just how elementary it can be to get a byte of the action. **Richard Beckett**, on the other hand, has been breaking open a tinnie or two of imported beer. All in the interests of research, of course, as you will learn when you dip into his *Brews From Abroad.*

Bob Barrett probably treated himself to a swig or two of the golden stuff after he did battle with actor Bryan Brown on the set of the movie *The Empty Beach.* His witty account of the tribulations of a bit-part actor is illustrated by **Frants Kantor.** And in this month's Women column, **Cynthia Heimel** ponders the special problems of living with a man who looks like a matinee idol. Once a woman's got him, how does she put up with the preening and, more importantly, the predatory female admirers?

To round off a swinging September issue, we have a racy feature on go-karts, a stylish spread on this season's best-looking shirts, a Men column advising how to use your car to snare the attention of unwary females, and the chilling conclusion to **Peter Schneidas's** *A Solitary Man.* Sit back, relax and take your time with September Australian PLABOY. There's enough fantasy, fact and fabulous reading to last the whole month.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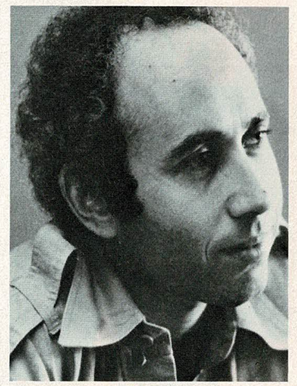
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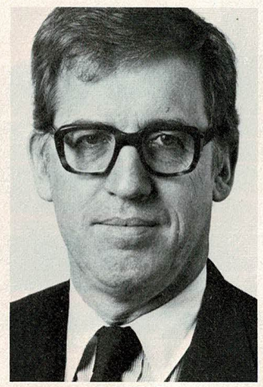
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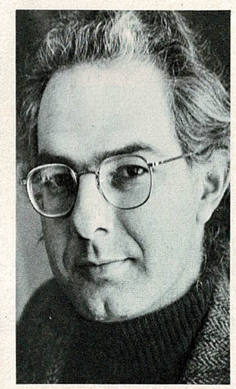
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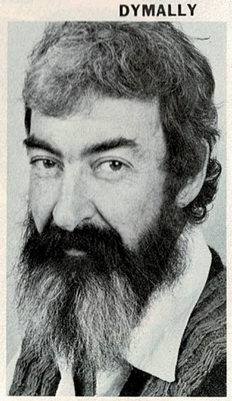
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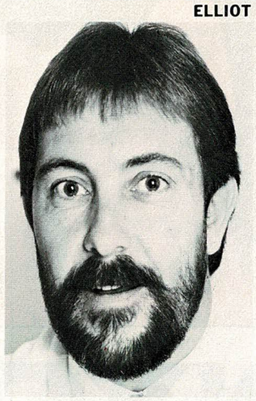
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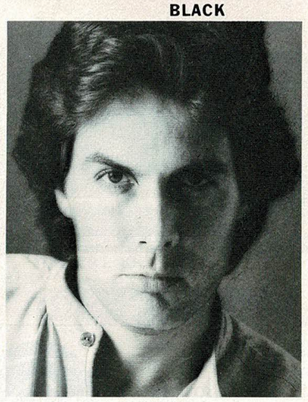
WATSON

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System W10

SANYO

That's Life!

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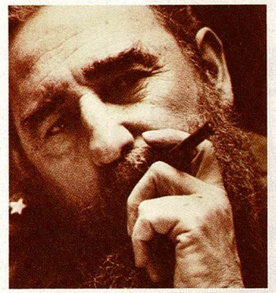

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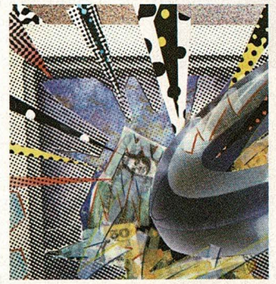

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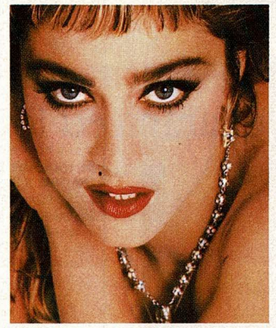

The hottest woman in showbiz sheds her material possessions. . . and just about everything else too!

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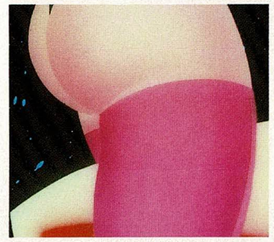

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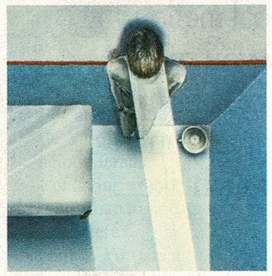

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SEPTEMBER 1985 • COVER: MADONNA. PHOTO: HERB RITTS FOR VISAGES.

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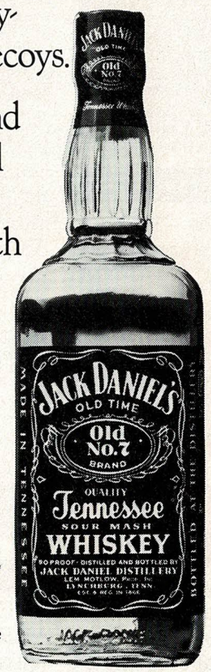

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CREDITS

Playmate Of The Month: clothing by Cherry Lane; blankets, sheets and towels from Mansours, Sydney; hair and make-up by Vaughn.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

A GOOD SET OF GENES

Because it takes more than a good set of genes to win a heavyweight title or four gold medals in one Olympics, the selective breeding of slaves cannot be the whole answer to why black athletes seem superior. Although Mike Agostini's Sport column in your April issue doesn't suggest that it *is* the whole answer, by failing to mention other factors he gives undue emphasis to selective breeding.

For instance, selective breeding cannot explain why certain racial groups excel at particular sports (the Swedes at tennis, for example) or why blacks are so successful in the entertainment industry.

The question of superior black athletes arises because there is a lack of white competition. But isn't it true that whites are likely to discourage their children from a career in athletics and encourage a "respectable" career in business instead? The white competition may be sitting behind desks. Such career opportunities may be more limited for blacks. And, of the large number who try, very few black athletes make successful careers as professional athletes. But the chances of success are probably not much less, and the rewards greater, than trying to break into a management level position in business.

In other words, the incentive for blacks to develop athletic ability may be greater than for whites. Of course, having your grandfather's genes doesn't hurt, either!

Albert Terry,
Glenbrook, NSW.

SNOW JOB?

I have just recently got around to reading the article on cocaine in your October 1984 issue. I reckon that Gonzales, the author, and those good doctors should have their collective heads examined. How could they say that use of cocaine causes the brain to develop paranoia and a burning desire for food, water and sex, while the user believes that he's acting normally? That's laughable!

I've been on cocaine now for two years and, about nine months ago, two Martians moved in and we snort cocaine together frequently (although they take it anally and always with a Mars Bar chaser) and I can tell you from first-hand experience that all five of us are in full control of our faculties and suffer no adverse effects. There's no truth to your article at all. It's plain bullshit!

Anyway, I have to fly now. I've just got to root the refrigerator, turn off the alarms, go out and take my spaceship for a walk.

S.D.,
Glen Iris, Vic.

SOFTLY, SOFTLY

The sensuous Sarah appealing, er, appearing in the April issue of Australian PLAYBOY has to be the most delightful darling to adorn the pages of your mag for quite some time. However, I would like to lodge a complaint about Michael Ancher, your photographer.

How could he ruin otherwise fantastic shots of an unbelievably beautiful woman by using a soft-focus lens on her? The lovely Sarah definitely doesn't need to be partially obscured by a fog effect. On behalf of Sarah, I consider it a violation of her graceful form.

Keep getting lovely ladies in your viewfinder, Michael, but please use a different lens in future.

Steven Hindle,
Warnervale, NSW.

We appreciate your point of view, Steven, and have passed your comments on to Michael. We have received a number of letters from readers who've loved the soft, romantic effect of the Sarah pictorial. And the lady in question tells us she just adores being treated softly. — Ed.

DEVIN: SHEER DELIGHT

Turned to page 97 of the July 1985 issue of Australian PLAYBOY and couldn't believe my eyes! Devin de Vasquez would have to be the most delicious female I've ever had the good fortune of laying eyes on. I'll even go so far as to dare any man to find a sexier, sultrier brunette anywhere.

One complaint though, Australian PLAYBOY. You only allow the delightful Devin to grace five of your pages with her lovely form. How about dedicating a whole issue to her?

Robert Stanton,
Tweed Heads, NSW.

With all the other lovelies we have in store for you, we couldn't possibly dedicate a whole issue to just one. Will you settle for another glimpse of the beautiful Devin? — Ed.

BOUQUETS FOR BETTINA

My congratulations on your March issue. The Playboy Interview with Bettina Arndt must be one of the best you've done. Bettina would have to be one of the most enlightened women in Australia.

Combining Bettina Arndt, the wicked Windies, James Reyne and Susie Croucher in one issue... what more could a reader ask for?

Mark Langley,
Flynn, ACT.

A quick scribble to thank you for the juicy interview with Bettina Arndt. If only all Australian women shared her down-to-earth, honest attitude toward sex and relationships. And I *love* her sense of humor!

Ernest McIntosh,
Armidale, NSW.

IRATE KIWI

As a New Zealander, I take grave exception to the tone of your article in the May issue entitled *The Kiwi: Friend Or Parasite?* Our government, like yours, was elected on a platform of opposing visits by nuclear ships. The difference is that our Prime Minister had the integrity to fulfil the promise he made, whereas the Australian Labor government has done a complete about-face in order to curry favor with Big Brother, our great American ally who wants it all his own way.

Well, as your article is forced to admit, New Zealand inhabits the safest piece of real estate on the globe and we intend to keep it that way by refusing to take part in the United States's jingoistic power politics, no matter what the financial penalty imposed by American sanctions. If Australia had the guts to do the same the hemisphere would be a much safer place to live.

It's easy for opinionated observers like Harold Withers to toss about epithets such as "parasite", but this is one parasite who wonders if you're not a nation of fawning acolytes.

Alastair Fraser,
Killara, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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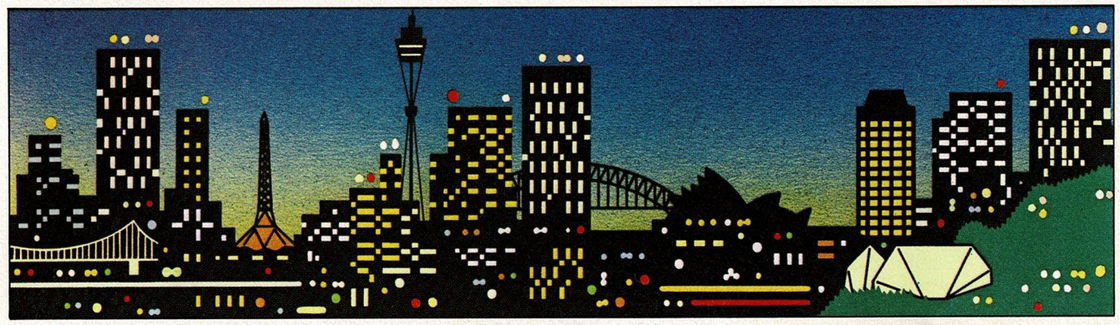
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



ART-FART

We're not going to touch this one. A Milan auction house successfully auctioned off 90 works by Piero Manzoni, an artist who died in 1963. Among the works was a roll of paper in a tube, which went for $1200, and a cylinder containing a specimen of Manzoni's excrement, which went for $1400.

SHORTS STORY

After being stopped by the Royal Canadian Mounties when his car was seen weaving down the highway, 18-year-old David Zurfluth tried to eat his undies, believing the cotton fabric would absorb the alcohol in his stomach before he had to undergo breath analysis. Zurfluth told the judge at his hearing that he ripped the crotch out of his shorts and stuffed the fabric in his mouth.

Students from a local high school, in court to view the wondrous workings of justice, were removed during the testimony when it became difficult for them to retain their composure. One constable commented: "People were leaving the courtroom with tears in their eyes."

TWISTED CYSTER

More news from China! Other publications may bring you all that boring crap about Great Leaps Forward and who's Hu in the Chinese politburo but here at Australian PLAYBOY we believe in bringing you the news that really matters.

This one is hot from Shanghai where it seems a 16-year-old boy, pregnant for some time, gave birth to a three kilogram tumor. The tumor was delivered by caesarean section at the Taizhou Military Hospital and doctors were astonished to discover that it had a stomach, feet, hair, teeth and bones. The 16-year-old had been born with an abnormally large bulge in the pit of his stomach. It did not change until he reached adolescence and it appeared he had somehow become pregnant when the bulge began to grow. There now, wouldn't you much rather read that in the morning paper before breakfast?

BLOW JOBS

A male client at a Canadian hair salon was taken to hospital for treatment of head wounds after his female hairdresser whacked him with a hairdryer. The hairdresser said she became suspicious when she saw him moving his hands beneath the smock. The man, in fact, had been cleaning his spectacles.

Meanwhile, another salon, this time in New York, ran a classified ad: "Hair Affair. Nice, quiet, at-home atmosphere. Call any time for appointment. Best head in town."

GAY DAZE

London has just opened its first council-operated gay centre. Local government funds provided $1.3 million to establish the centre for homosexual men and women. It includes a bar, cafe, a creche for lesbian mothers, a disco and a "women's space" where males are banned. Presumably that's for times when the social whirl comes a bit too close to sexual normality. Does Mrs Thatcher know about this?

OUT IN FRONT

Headline of the month, spotted in a Sydney newspaper referring to a story about the new Holden Camira: GM-H PICKS NEW NOSE. Not in public, eh, fellas?

KIWI SHOCK HORROR

From New Zealand comes this disturbing report of an ugly incident in Auckland where tempers flared at the scene of a major vinegar spill. The vinegar had leaked from cartons following a minor mishap at a storage depot. Workers panicked, apparently spooked by recollections of a gas leak in 1973 in a neighboring suburb when 560 people were hospitalised, and had to be prevented from attacking the depot's manager by fire brigade men called to mop up the mess. The storage depot owner, Mr Snow White (honest to God, we are not making this up, it comes true as life from the New Zealand newspaper, *The Dominion*), told reporters he was shocked by the near panic because to the best of his knowledge vinegar was not a dangerous chemical.

HOLLYWOOD LIVES

A headline in a mid-western US paper said it this way: Sissy Spacek Finds Happiness While Satisfying Herself.

Another star, however, was getting a bigger billing than he'd ever imagined. The movie wasn't R-rated, but its ad in the venerable *Washington Post* went : He's Wan Long Dhong In *The Japanese Connection.*

ON THE WALL

Dope Of The Month award goes to a Pommie graffitist by the name of Cobbo. Cobbo, it seems, has made a nuisance of himself at a local disco in Hertfordshire by scrawling his name all over the toilet walls. Whenever the graffiti was cleaned off, Cobbo sprayed it back on again. One night, much to his delight, the disco held a raffle and announced that first prize had gone to Cobbo. Cobbo duly identified himself to management and found himself skidding out the door on his backside, banned for life.

GOOD NEWS/BAD NEWS

The NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority recently conducted a survey of primary schoolchildren in Sydney and discovered some interesting facts about the drinking and smoking habits of 10-year-olds. It seems 25 percent of all primary schoolchildren drink alcohol at least once a week and 25 percent take painkillers, sniff glue or aerosols. There is some light at the end of the tunnel though. Cigarette smoking is down to only four percent of all 10 to 12-year-olds. Those government warnings must be having some effect!

LOST IN SPACE

Also from New Zealand comes this story of a mail sorter from Christchurch who was sacked after it was discovered that, over the years, he had hidden hundreds of letters around the post office. He'd stuffed them in ceilings, under floorboards, behind wall panels, anywhere that took his fancy. According to the post office the sorter's excuse was that he just couldn't cope. Perhaps he has relatives working in Australia Post.

SHOWBIZ

Robbery Under Arms flops, but Madonna's underarms hit the spot in a top comedy.

AUSSIE BOMB: *Robbery Under Arms,* made for both cinema and TV, with two of our most successful directors, **Ken** (*Sunday Too Far Away*) **Hannam** and **Donald** (*Caddie*) **Crombie,** and starring one of Australasia's few international superstars, **Sam Neill,** has proved to be a total flop at the movie box-office, despite its $7.5m budget (one of the largest in Australian screen history). Observers are now wondering, with hindsight, why it wasn't shown to the captive TV mini-series audience first. It's been proved time and again that the relatively undemanding TV audience can usually be enticed to come back for more of the same on the big screen, and then into the video shops.

•

BOND ON BOND: **Roger Moore** gets his seventh outing as 007 in the upcoming *A View To A Kill.* In his usual bid to save Western civilisation as we know it, the intrepid agent is assisted by **Tanya Roberts** (Australian PLAYBOY, December 1982) and hindered by **Grace Jones** (Australian PLAYBOY, March 1983) who continues her bid for celluloid fame in the role of May Day, aide to the evil Zorin, played by **Christopher** (*The Deerhunter*) **Walken.** Apart from the traditional James Bond car chases and oversexed women, this one also boasts an assassin who escapes from the top of the Eiffel Tower by parachute, a spectacular climax on San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and, with a daring concession to the technological age, a plot to create an apocalyptic disaster which will submerge Silicon Valley, leaving Zorin free to corner the market in silicon chips. No wonder they're considering retiring Roger Moore in favor of a younger James Bond.

•

J.O'K. REVISITED: Latter-day interest in the late, great **Johnny O'Keefe,** Australia's all-time rock idol, grows apace, despite the kiss of death from the ABC's mundane documentary on The Wild One last year. The Seven network has scheduled a four-hour mini-series for early next year entitled *Shout: The Story Of Johnny O'Keefe,* which could well do justice to the legend. Written by **Robert** (*Scales Of Justice*) **Caswell** and directed by **Ted** (*Gillies Report*) **Robinson** for producer **Ben Gannon** of View Films, it has the inspired casting (physically at any rate) of **Terry Serio,** who got his singing smarts with Perth-based blues band **The Elks,** and gained his acting colors in *Running On Empty.*

•

IDOL GOSSIP: **Nick Nolte, Bette Midler** and **Richard Dreyfuss** will star in Disney's *Down And Out In Beverly Hills* based on **Jean Renoir**'s 1932 classic, *Boudu Saved From Drowning.* Directed by **Paul Mazursky,** the film is about a transient (Nolte) who changes the lives of an oddball couple (Midler and Dreyfuss) when he tries to drown himself in their swimming pool. . . Director **Hugh Hudson** has chosen **Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland** and **Nastassja Kinski** to top-line his US$19m colonial epic, *Revolution 1776.* . . **Robert Altman** has been set to direct the screen version of **Ernest Hemingway**'s *Across The River And Into The Trees,* starring **Roy Scheider** and **Julie Christie**. . . **Dan Aykroyd** has written the script and will star as Detective Joe Friday in Universal's spoof of the old *Dragnet* series. . . **Ian Dury** has teamed up with **Roman**

As usual everybody is Desperately Seeking Susan (Madonna), who treats the situation with her customary cool.

Polanski for his second movie role in *Pirates.* . . **Bob Geldof** of **Boomtown Rats** is starring in a new movie shot in Dublin called *The Fantasist.*

•

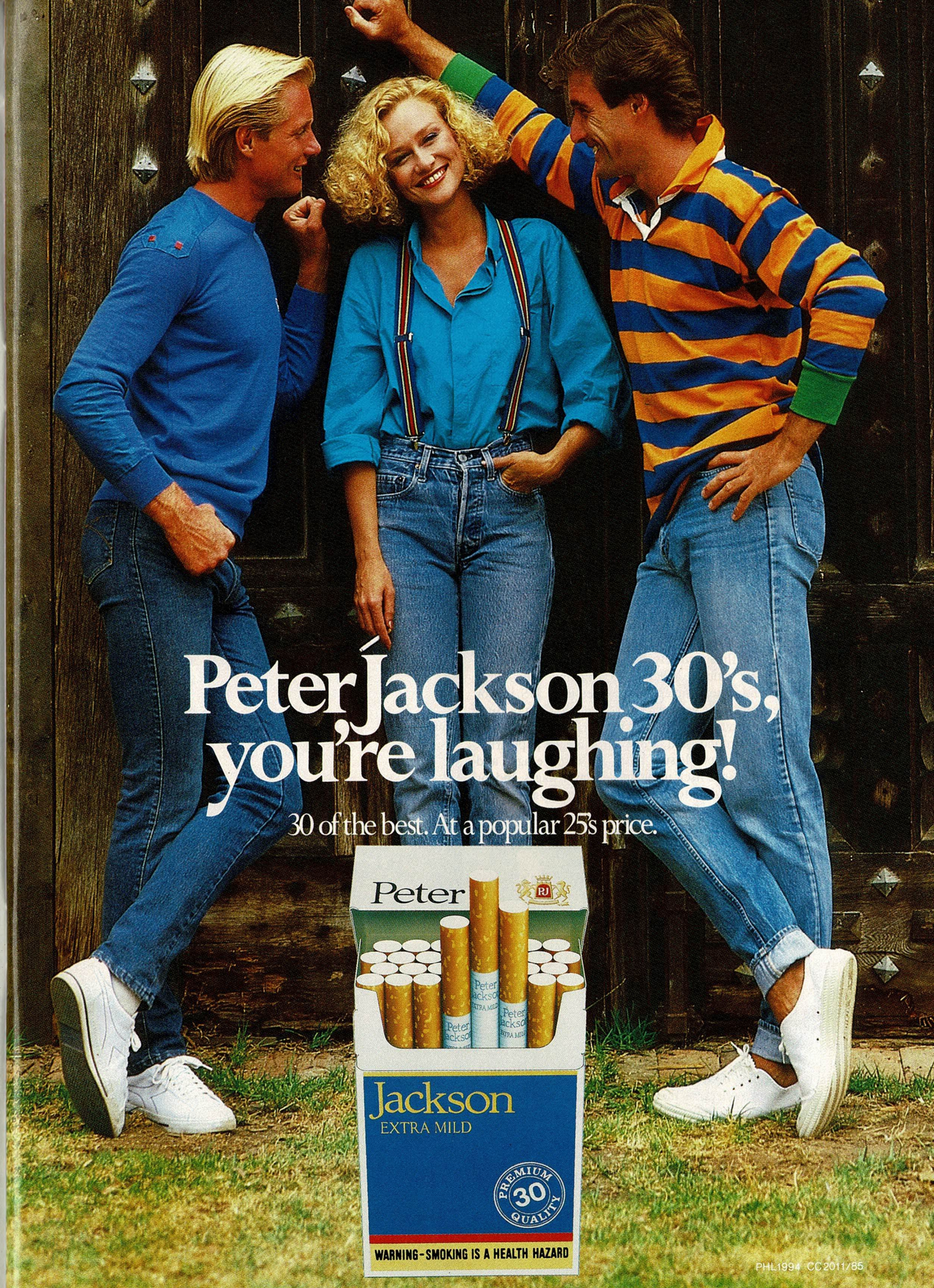
MORE THAN JUST A VIRGIN: Though blessed with a clever plot, *Desperately Seeking Susan*'s laughs are forced, as though director **Susan** (*Smithereens*) **Seidelman**'s timing was slightly awry. Undeniable, however, is the sheer force of **Madonna**'s presence in the title role. Her superb aplomb, standing in the ladies' loo of a railway station in hugely transparent bra, with the hand-dryer upturned, drying her armpits, has to be seen to be believed. Elfin **Rosanna Arquette** is very appealing as boringly married Roberta, but whenever Madonna strides on screen in her Jimi Hendrix jacket one can understand why Roberta wishes she were Susan. She buys the jacket when Susan trades it in and soon after gets her wish, when a blow on the head from the villain who wants to find Susan makes Roberta lose her memory, and her boring little life is never the same again, even to shedding her husband and winning Dez, playing by **Aidan** (*Reckless*) **Quinn.** It takes a lot of hard work to get their identities sorted out again, but the result is entertaining if a little disappointing. Both Madonna and Rosanna Arquette are destined for greater things.

The perfect legs belong to Jamie Lee Curtis.

PERFECT LEGS: The *Rolling Stone* reporter portrayed by **John Travolta** in *Perfect* gives journalism a touch of sleaze. While working up a hatchet job on the California health club scene, he trickily seduces a wary aerobics instructor played by **Jamie Lee Curtis** who generates remarkable sympathy in a role about as emotionally rich as the *Jane Fonda Workout* . Written by *Rolling Stone* writer **Aaron Latham** and director **James Bridges,** whose last joint foray into pop culture was *Urban Cowboy, Perfect* is mostly memorable for a peculiar piece of casting: *Rolling Stone's* editor, **Jann Wenner,** plays a fictional editor, Mark Roth, making him a clownish and unprincipled opportunist who vengefully puts his star writer's byline on a story faked by a couple of staff flunkies. Yet Wenner says: "I think the film shows *Rolling Stone* as it really is!"

•

REELING AND ROCKING: While the **Rolling Stones** are reported to be negotiating for a tour of China, **Keith Richards** is vying with **Stevie Ray Vaughan** for the same role in a new **Walter** (*48 Hours*) **Hill** movie, *Crossroads,* about the Mississippi blues. . . the story of New York's Brill Building, where such '60s songwriters as **Carole King** and **Neil Diamond** turned out hits, is being made into a movie. . . **Talking Heads** are recording the soundtrack for their new film, *True Stories,* which **David Byrne** will direct, and at the same time **Chris Frantz** and **Tina Weymouth** are working on a third **Tom Tom Club** album.



SPORT

Sport in the 1980s has to be firmly in the fast lane in order to stay ahead.

Out on a slippery grass embankment, rain dripping down the back of your jacket, beer in one hand, sauce-soaked pie in the other, bunched in a loose ruck of your mates, impervious to pain.

A winter's afternoon at the footie.

Jeez, how did we ever put up with it?

Easy. We were younger and crazier and the ritual of seeing our local heroes troop the colors each weekend meant much more than creature comforts or female companionship.

This was *our* sport. Down to *our* suburban ground to see the club that we'd played for and/or supported most of our lives do battle with the mob from over the hill.

Behavioralists such as Desmond Morris say it's a form of tribalism. Australia's social drift towards the middle classes has seen the gradual disappearance of the old suburban loyalties.

Sport's tribalism factor is alive and well in England and South America where rival fans come equipped for guerilla warfare on the terraces, but it's fast fading in multicultural, upwardly mobile Australia.

In our diverse, affluent society we've changed our sports values. What once passed for weekend entertainment is no longer good enough. We've been conditioned to consume our entertainment in more comfortable surrounds and, when it comes to competing for our leisure buck, traditional sport now finds itself up against everything from sailboarding to Spielberg.

We're off to the movies, playing Atari or bolting trailer-sailers to our tow-bars. Meanwhile, traditional sport is scratching its collective head, wondering how to keep pace with the demands of a generation primed by TV and Hollywood.

Entertainment in the '80s means comfort, good catering, excellent viewing facilities and easy access. A courtside private box within a racquet's reach of McEnroe is a long way from a splintery bench at a rain-swept suburban oval. The sports that have recognised the new yardsticks in spectator comfort and entertainment expectations are the ones best geared to appeal to the paying public.

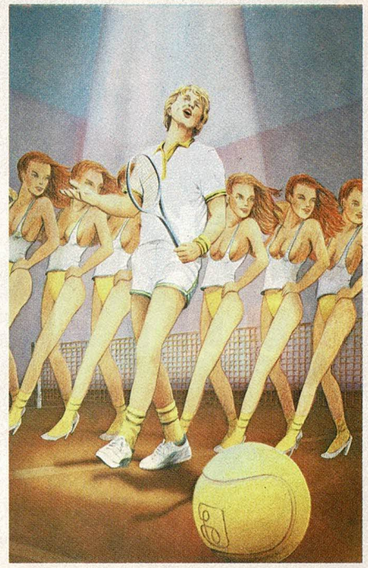
What we're dealing with is a generation weaned on Burbank rather than the exploits of Bradman. Modern sport is simply entertainment and the new sporting patrons come looking for the same signposts that exist in other forms of showbiz: you pay your bucks, take your seat, the drama unfolds, reaches its climax and the audience gets a result.

It's all very slick, conclusive and expertly packaged, and traditional sport must go the same way if it is to arrest an almost universal slide in attendances.

In the US, spiritual home of entertainment of almost every hue, sport is already ahead of the problem. Athletes are the new entertainers, afforded all the hype (from publicity agents to cocaine contacts) once associated exclusively with Hollywood.

And the pay packets are equally astounding. TV rights and huge private backing mean the Los Angeles Lakers can afford to pay basketball star Magic Johnson a million bucks a year — for life!

As surely as Hollywood's early directors found they could control the environment by taking the action indoors, sport has gone the same way. Tennis opened a new all-weather and extremely lucrative avenue when organisers took the sport indoors.



Other sports have followed tennis indoors. Even motocross has thrown a roof over some of its circuits. Magnificently appointed American football stadiums have retracting roofs. Professional US indoor soccer has outstripped the outdoor game in popularity, TV coverage and player wages. Indoor sport comes with modern facilities, quality food, lights, action, music and color.

Australia's National Basketball League, so expertly primed to follow the US lead, promotes its act in our country's best indoor facilities. The NBL has attracted network TV coverage, smart sponsorships and is really packing the fans in. A 53 percent attendance increase in the first month of the 1985 season put basketball on top of the growth sport listings.

In basketball and all American major league sport, there is no such thing as a draw. Extra time or, as in soccer, a shoot-out is used to provide victor and vanquished. Just like the movies. Who wants a draw? Could you imagine Wyatt Earp settling for a draw at the OK Corral or Indiana Jones letting the nazis off when the scores were tied? Nope. Our new concepts of entertainment have conditioned us for results and we expect to get them.

The Americans certainly know how to play on the cinematic culture of the fans. This is particularly evident in football where the "space centurion" outfits help promote the players as something more than mortal.

The bad-assed LA Raiders play in black and silver, and their insignia is a space hero wearing a black pirate patch over one eye. The Dallas Cowboys have a powerful, conservative Christian image with a hint of genuine ruthlessness running through the system. Just like JR! The entertainment parallels are obvious, and the clubs and the National Football League employ sophisticated publicity and promotional techniques to cultivate the prescribed images.

Of course, when you "go Hollywood" there is often a price to pay. Big monetary rewards, high pressure and drugs invariably keep close company in the entertainment business and, despite the ideal image of the clean athlete, too many sportsmen have succumbed.

The incidence of drug abuse in US football ranks was such that the NFL felt compelled to set up its own drug rehabilitation instrumentality.

Sport as mass entertainment means the old concept of local tribalism has just about gone. Sure, a few people do support the local team but showbiz has given us other reasons to identify with a club that might have its base far away from the home patch. Maybe that relates simply to image.

Of course, the switch to entertainment means much better spectator comfort, a factor which compels guys to invite their girls along to the tennis at your city's brilliantly appointed indoor facility.

But don't be offended on your girl's behalf when that racquet-wielding millionaire unleashes a string of expletives loud enough for everyone to hear. Just remember, if you'd taken her to the movies instead, she'd probably have heard Eddie Murphy saying something very similar.

After all, folks, that's entertainment!

— A.D. AIRD

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Look to the very basics of extracting more power and efficiency from your engine: cylinder head modification. It's a fact that an improvement of up to 25% more power can be gained.

Yella Terra is a totally remanufactured cylinder head.

Mass produced cylinder heads are mostly underdeveloped – manufacturers are forced to compromise performance, flexibility and economy with low production costs.

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Could turbocharging be the answer?

Turbo technology – both ex-factory and aftermarket – can be a none too pleasant experience in terms of reliability, unless of course, you have the outlay for a Porsche.

Whatever the power improvement approach, cylinder heads are still the most critical factor in extracting more power and efficiency from an engine.

It's far simpler to rework a cylinder head than to install a turbo, and remember maintenance and service remains as standard!

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Our cylinder heads can be purchased over the counter from around $250 each or from $400 or thereabouts a Yella Terra head can be supplied and installed to any six-cylinder Holden or Ford.**

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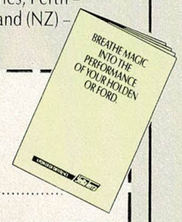

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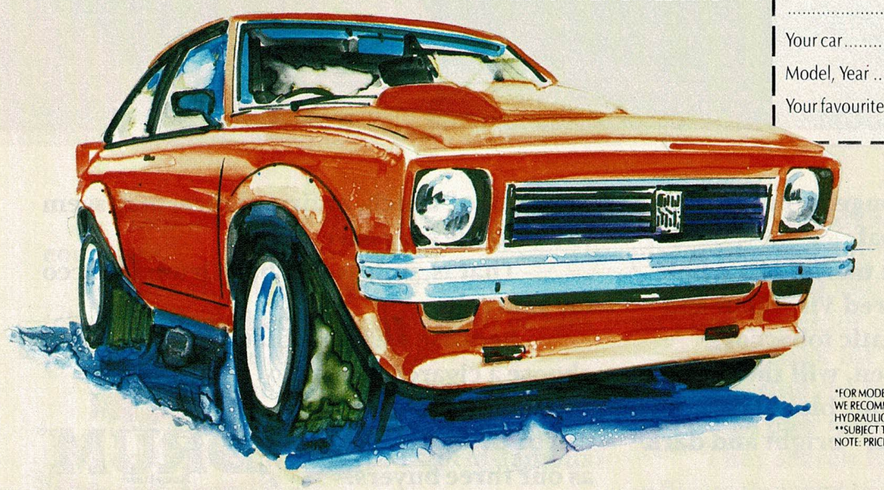

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MEN

If you handle it right, a car can be the perfect ploy for attracting a woman's attention.

Forget the advice columns, the first thing you have to do to win a woman is to attract her attention. These days, that ain't so easy because it's hard to know how to behave. Paying compliments is sexist, chocolates might collide with her diet, nice guys merely come across as wimps. Even the strong, silent type can only expect to pick up a dumb-belle.

Polite is passe, the wild boys are the winners. Trouble is there are so many outrageous types out there, even a complete lunatic tends to blend with the crowd.

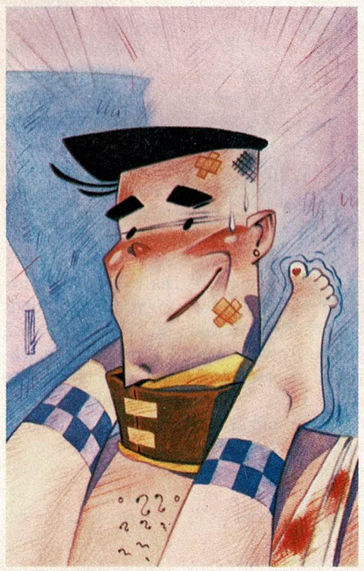
The motor car can help to attract her attention. Handled in the right way, a four-wheeler is dynamite for attracting the opposite sex. Obviously, investing $250,000 in a Lamborghini Countach is one hell of a good way to start. With one of these, you practically need an electric fence to stop the little buggers crawling aboard.

But alack, the Lamborghini has two problems. One of them obviously is the price. The second one can only be discovered if the first doesn't count — for when you finally get the Girl you want on board, you'll find the space so cramped that the gear-lever will most likely beat you to the job.

So you have to be resourceful. A really good way to start is to get something completely smashed up. Girls are attracted by even the suggestion of violence, and price usually isn't such a problem. If you can't find something pre-smashed, get anything and smash it yourself. Most of you already know how. But do it publicly. Along the side of a row of Mercsports outside the local Friday night watering hole is a good place to start. That will get you lots of attention — from owners who will bash the crap out of you, which will get you lots of attention from girls who love mothering the injured. Especially after you explain the steering broke. You could have been killed. Well, you almost have been. They've been known to take such victims home and put them to bed, not realising their recovery powers.

Once you've got something that looks like an escapee from a demolition derby, try driving fast on footpaths near female pedestrians. Girls are excited by terror — just look at how many go to see horror movies. You can tell if it's working by the way they scream and hurl themselves to the ground. Once you get a good reaction, crash into something, leap out, explain the steering broke *and* the throttle jammed, and offer a conciliatory dinner. With the ones that survive it works almost every time. Frequently they are more or less dumb-struck with gratitude.

Another way to impress girls is to look like you are about to crash. Again, some of you may not need tips. Here's some anyway. On crowded wet roads, suddenly tug left or right on the steering wheel and apply the handbrake viciously. Sydney's Harbor Bridge in peak hour is a good place. When *your* world stops rotating, come up from under the dash and look around. You'll see one of the prettiest sights in all of motoring — cars just zooming into each other in all manner of ways. Just like the dodgems without the bump strips. One of them is sure to be a girl. She'll need rescuing. Explain the steering broke *and* the throttle jammed *and* the tyre blew out simultaneously. Only your heroic driving saved a disaster bigger than World War Three. Do it over a brandy at your place. You may hold her to stop her shaking.



"Getting air" is particularly impressive to women, who have always been knocked out by magnificent men in their flying machines.

A quick way is to hit sloped median strips at speed (best done when oncoming traffic is scarce). Here you have many chances to hold her undivided attention — during takeoff, at altitude, in the landing phase, in the ensuing crash. Pre-flight checks should include ensuring she is actually paying attention. If she looks like she's set to fly, this one will really spread her wings.

Sports cars offer some outrageous opportunities that prove irresistible to even the most conservative girl. Get your mate to drive, then stand up and chuck a browneye near the girl you are aiming for. (Put the top down first.) Sports cars are also excellent for car-to-car leaps (best pick a girl who also has a sports car and who also has the top down). Every Jane hankers for the Tarzan in a man.

Ignore quiche-eaters and wimps, macho men still draw the trollops every time. Dream up a stunt and pull it off near a suitable chick (the stunt, Bruce, the stunt). A good place is at the beach.

Trail bikes are *de rigueur* for this exercise. Start by taking a high-speed run at the offside of a sandhill frequented by topless bathers. Remember, the key element here is surprise, so no practice runs. Aim to clear the sunworshippers at a single bound. You'll blow them away (sandblast them actually). And at worst you'll land on a boyfriend, thus clearing the way for action. I've seen it done and, when done well, the girls have got so excited they jumped up stark naked and started dancing about and yelling and hollering right there and then.

A trendy I know came up with the ultimate scam for winning a bird who works at the local bank — he drove his four-wheel-drive funcar right up the steps, parked at the front door and just swaggered right on up to her teller cage. He knew he must have made a big impression already when she clasped her hand to her mouth, then started pointing and gasping. . . so he started right on in at the deep end with: "Well, that's the hot rig I was telling you about, sweetie, so how about taking a ride in it with me tonight?"

Apparently smitten almost brainless with macho-shock (he was good at recognising the symptoms), she nevertheless recovered enough to say, smirkingly: "Hadn't you better get it back first?"

"Whaaaaat?" (as he spun around). "Sheet, I knew I should have got that handbrake fixed, goddamn!"

You win some and you lose some. In this case, the teller was laughing too hard to take any proposition seriously. A lose. The woman whose car got T-boned by the runaway was shouting too hard to hear his offer of a conciliatory dinner.

But the police officer who came to record the details for posterity and the courts was a junior female constable and the jinky little four-wheel-drive stabbing a new entrance in the family car at the kerb had certainly got her attention. Not only that, he had her undivided attention for the next several hours while she cuffed him, transported him, fingered him (printed that is), booked him and bailed him. She also felt sorry for him. They met next night. She took him home to console him.

You win some, too. — ROB LUCK

WOMEN

Women spend their lives looking for Mr Goodface. What do they do when they've finally found him?

I keep looking at him, the elegant curve of his jaw, the luxurious curling of his black lashes framing seafoam eyes, the sensuous yet chiselled mouth, the perfect teeth, the flawless cheekbones, the long, lean body. And it keeps occurring to me that I am a nitwit. Any girl who could even consider giving up this man has to be a fool.

"Honey," said my friend Vanessa, looking at his picture, "this is not a man who should be cast into the cold without a lot of major forethought."

Makes you think about beauty. I don't, normally. The last man I was in love with, before Mr Stunning, bore a close resemblance to a poached egg. My husband had a nose like a banana. My son only accidentally happens to resemble a miniature Greek god.

When Mr Adorable moved in with me two years ago, I was fairly innocent.

"He's really quite cute," I said to my friends, "in fact my first thoughts upon seeing him were 'Bugger off, you arrogant arsehole, you're probably gay anyway and even if you're not gay you've got to be conceited and spoiled, being so handsome.' Naturally I didn't voice these sentiments aloud. . ."

"Naturally not," all my friends said, "when can we get a look at this Adonis?"

They looked. They touched. Some of them said, "Oh my God, let me know if you ever get sick of him!" Others said, "Are you sure he's not gay?" One actually went so far as to make a pass at him and is, needless to say, no longer my friend.

Strangers of each sex would follow him along the street. Stewardesses would slip their phone numbers into his hand luggage. Girls at nightclubs would sit down at our table, stare soulfully into his eyes and spill their drinks into my lap.

I was living, I discovered, with a sex object. People started treating me differently with my delicious bauble of a man hanging from my arm. Headwaiters snapped to attention.

Acquaintances had a new wary gleam in their eyes. A gleam which, if it could speak, would say, "We respect you more now, but don't begin to think we like you any better."

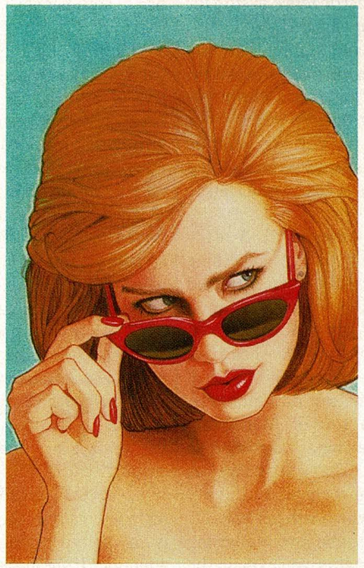
Mr Magnificent at my side, I came to notice, was better than wearing a $150,000 mink coat. It was as if I owned the Hope Diamond.

While it may be amusing to be the possessor of a sex object, Mr Alluring was not having such a good time. Somehow it rankled when co-workers would sidle up and ask, *sotto voce*, "Where did you find him?" Sometimes they even called him "it" as in "It's very beautiful, how big is its dick?"

"How can they talk about me that way? Makes me feel like a prize showdog," Mr Pretty would grumble. Although there were also times when I would watch him become plant-like, soaking up attention as if it were life-giving moisture, his leaves turning sleek and green and his blossoms just dying to be cross-fertilised. He basked, he preened, he glowed. These were the moments when I ached to stick my fingers into his eyes. Although, if I were he, I would have been the same.

Beauty is a brilliant attention-getter. But it is also a notorious scam.

I'm kind of cute myself. Awful thighs, teeth you could drive a Harley-Davidson through, but not unpleasant. Not in Mr Captivating's class, of course, but on a good day I can look rather fetching.



To achieve "rather fetching", I really have to work. I must blow dry my hair (red-tinted to enhance my complexion) with my head hanging upside down. I must pluck each stray eyebrow hair and employ eight different kinds of make-up with subtle precision, taking particular care to apply blusher only on the upper ledge of my cheekbone. I must curl my eyelashes.

I must encase my legs in some shiny, black, ankle-hugging stockings. I must choose my clothes with the cunning of a military strategist to avoid appearing top-heavy, bottom-heavy, or pin-headed.

Sometimes I rebel and let my eyebrows grow bushy and wear the same pair of baggy jeans and frayed sweatshirt for two weeks running until I resemble nothing so much as a middle-aged Scottish woman who breeds pekinese dogs. But I always snap back eventually. The need to become a sex object overtakes me.

I want men to notice me. I want them to admire my *chic* appearance. I want them to desire me. My feeling has always been that men are singularly attracted by physical appearance, that an ugly but interesting man will do far better than an ugly but interesting woman. Because men have hair-trigger eyes. They can be aroused by the purely visual. They can bring themselves to orgasm by simply looking at a photograph of a naked girl (see centrefold). Women, trust me, can't do this. And the most blatant, in my experience, are gay men.

Here is a sample conversation between me and my friend, Harry, who's looking for a new fellow:

Me: Why don't you call Dave for a date?

Harry: Dave's a brunette! I like blonds.

Me: How about Stuart?

Harry: Stuart's old! He must be 35. And he's taller than I am.

Me: But so are you 35. And so what if he's taller?

Harry: I need someone small and soft and cute and young. Someone bunny-like.

Me: Why that's. . . that's sexist!

Harry: No, it's not, it's *lookist*. I'm a confirmed lookist.

Me: But you're being so objectifying! You're the predator, the subject, and for sex you want a. . . a *thing*. You haven't once mentioned personality.

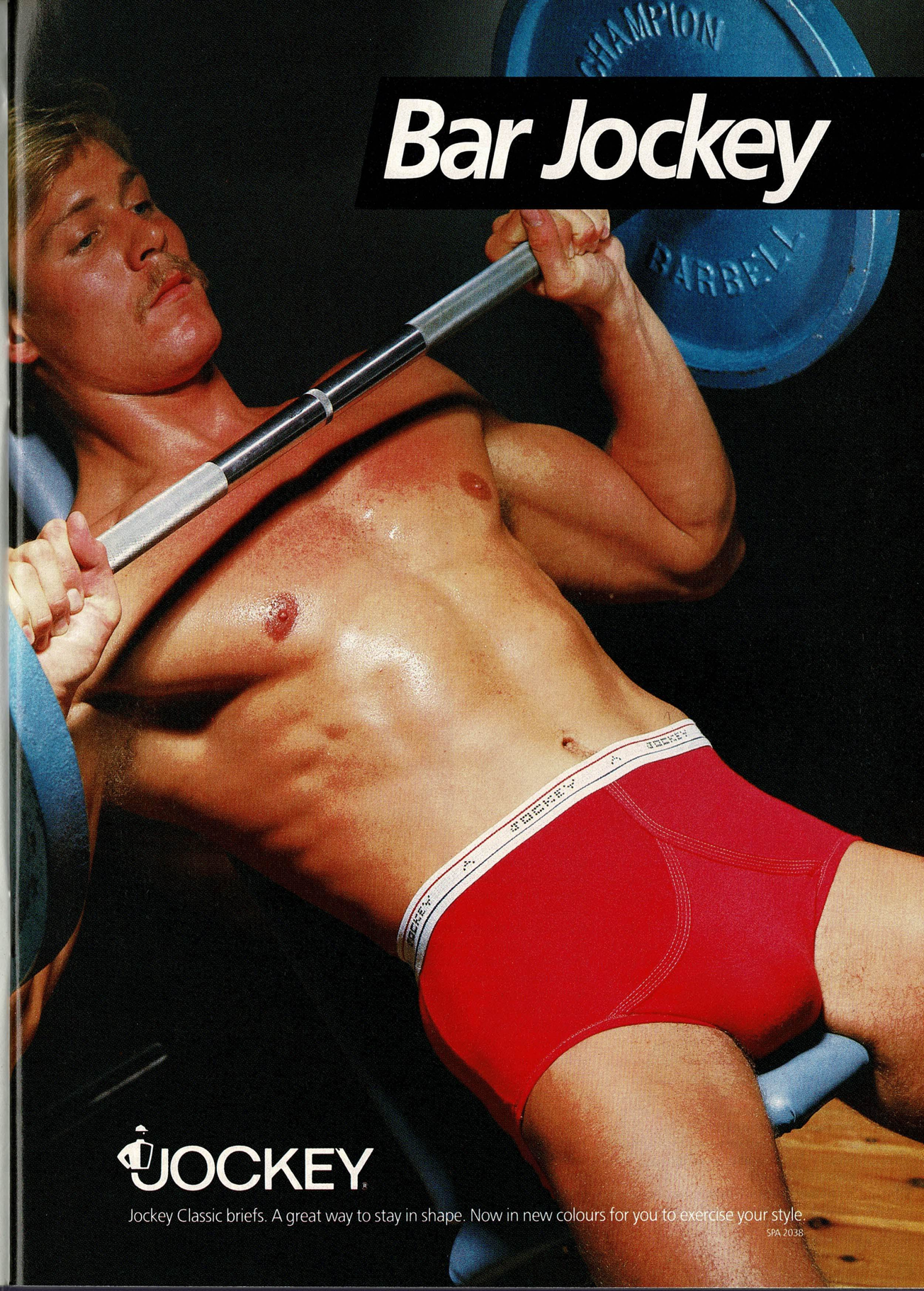
Harry: That's the way men are.

Yes, that's the way men are, but my experience with Mr Exquisite is evidence that that's also the way women are. Everything is wrong, we haven't been getting along for months, but I am loath to let Mr Beautiful out of my sight.

Which leads me to the conclusion, as almost everything does these days, that civilisation is wending its way inexorably towards disaster. We are living in a cynical time, without values, without hope. We worship form without content.

It's not that we are a civilisation of morons, but that we are all feeling progressively more helpless and insecure. Something attractive by our sides or in our beds makes us feel worthwhile, almost as if we had money in the bank.

This whole train of thought has made me despondent. I think I'll leave this empty, glittering life of mine behind. Maybe move to Scotland. Breed dogs or something. — CYNTHIA HEIMEL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FOOD

With a splash of savoir-faire, you can elevate a humble bowl of salad to haute cuisine.

In past years salads in this country were regarded as both sissy and revolting. They were tolerated by males for Sunday tea with the fag end of the leg of lamb and were taken as a matter of course on Monday, which used to be washing day before the automats took over.

And you simply had to have a salad on Monday, because Mum wouldn't give you anything else.

But of course it was the dreaded Australian vinegar salad. The whole disaster. Brown malt vinegar over everything. The late Hal Porter, who was as particular about his food as he was about his writing, aptly if unkindly described them as Sargasso Seas in miniature.

For nostalgia's sake I still occasionally make a cucumber and sliced onion salad with a dousing of malt vinegar, but for my reputation's sake I eat it in the privacy of my own home behind securely locked doors.

Until comparatively recently I had always been terribly old fashioned and French about salads. Severe, in other words. Salads were single-ingredient things, while the American version of a vegetable slum in a teak bowl from the Philippines was just not on. And drinking with one's salad was beyond the pale. Oil (even the best of it) got up your nostrils, or for the connoisseur, the single nostril of the wine.

Such theories were all very well, but they ignored the tribes who live along the northern side of that inland sea named the Mediterranean. Now the Med is the home of the original Great Salad Bowl. Fortunately the Med bowl is made of pottery; even more fortunately, wine is allowable.

Green salads should be eaten by themselves as a break between courses or as a course in their own right. They shouldn't be served with hot food (a common practice in this country) because they get in the way and, worse, go soggy.

But in the way of mixed salads I like to serve something that basically is a meal in its own right so one doesn't have to bother about other courses. And to my mind, one of the best of these substantial offerings is *salade nicoise*. It is southern French in origin, although variations of it are found all over the Mediterranean.

And anyone who has eaten in a Greek restaurant will recognise at least parts of it in the black olives, tomatoes and anchovies that are also the foundation of that country's standard cold confection.

A *salade nicoise* is very good for a complete Sunday brunch, and it mixes well with almost any alcohol.

In other words, it is as happy with beer as it is with champagne and orange juice, although I certainly wouldn't waste an expensive vintage red on it.

But who the hell in their right mind would want to drink a vintage red at 11 am on a Sunday anyway?

Not me, for one.

To make the salad you will need one lettuce, washed and separated; two to three large, cold, boiled potatoes, skinned; a medium-sized tin of tuna in oil; a tin of anchovies; a few hard-boiled eggs, halved; some black olives; tomatoes, quartered, and (if you feel like it) a few slices of radish and some chopped parsley.

You will also need about 500 grams of French beans, which have been cooked, drained and allowed to cool. If you are very lazy you can used ready-cooked canned green beans. They won't do much damage to the salad and do save a lot of bother if the whole business of stringing fresh beans is beyond you.

And while I'm on the subject of cans, do choose a high-quality brand of tuna (Sirena Italian-style royal tuna is a good, safe bet), and don't buy fish in brine; it has to be the oil-packed variety.

In addition to this you will need a standard vinaigrette dressing made with six parts of good olive oil to one part of white wine vinegar, a crushed clove of garlic, some dry mustard and salt and pepper. I make mine in reasonable quantities in an old jam jar with a tight-fitting lid. That way it can be given a vigorous shaking to make sure that all the ingredients have amalgamated properly. Whatever you do, don't buy ready-made French dressings (so-called French, that is). Most of them are pretty bloody nasty, and I firmly believe that any intelligent two-year-old is capable of making vinaigrette dressing at home.

Basically this salad is an assembly job. You line a large bowl with lettuce leaves, then add a layer of cubed potato, another of beans, and follow up with the drained tuna chunks. Then around the sides place quarters of tomato, black olives, the halved eggs and the drained anchovy slices. Pour the vinaigrette over everything, but don't mix. The layers should remain separate.

Taken with a loaf of French bread, with perhaps a piece of brie cheese and some grapes or cherries to follow afterwards, you have a very good Sunday brunch (or even lunch, for that matter) on your hands.

And this is a salad that will satisfy even in cold weather because it is substantial and has almost a meaty texture to it (the combination of the tuna and the anchovies, actually) that is flavorsome and filling.

I might add that purists will insist you shouldn't use the little flat fillets of anchovy packed in oil in equally flat tins. What you should really do is to go to a proper deli and get several large unboned anchovies that have been packed in salt. You can if you want to, but removing the backbones is a tedious chore, and besides which, they can be too strong for some people's taste. I'm just passing this information on because the salted anchovies are *very trendy* at the moment.

No doubt fashions will change back again at some future date, and it will be a sin to serve them at all.

On liquid refreshments: as noted earlier, champagne and orange juice is a pleasant enough way to start any day, but it should precede the food.

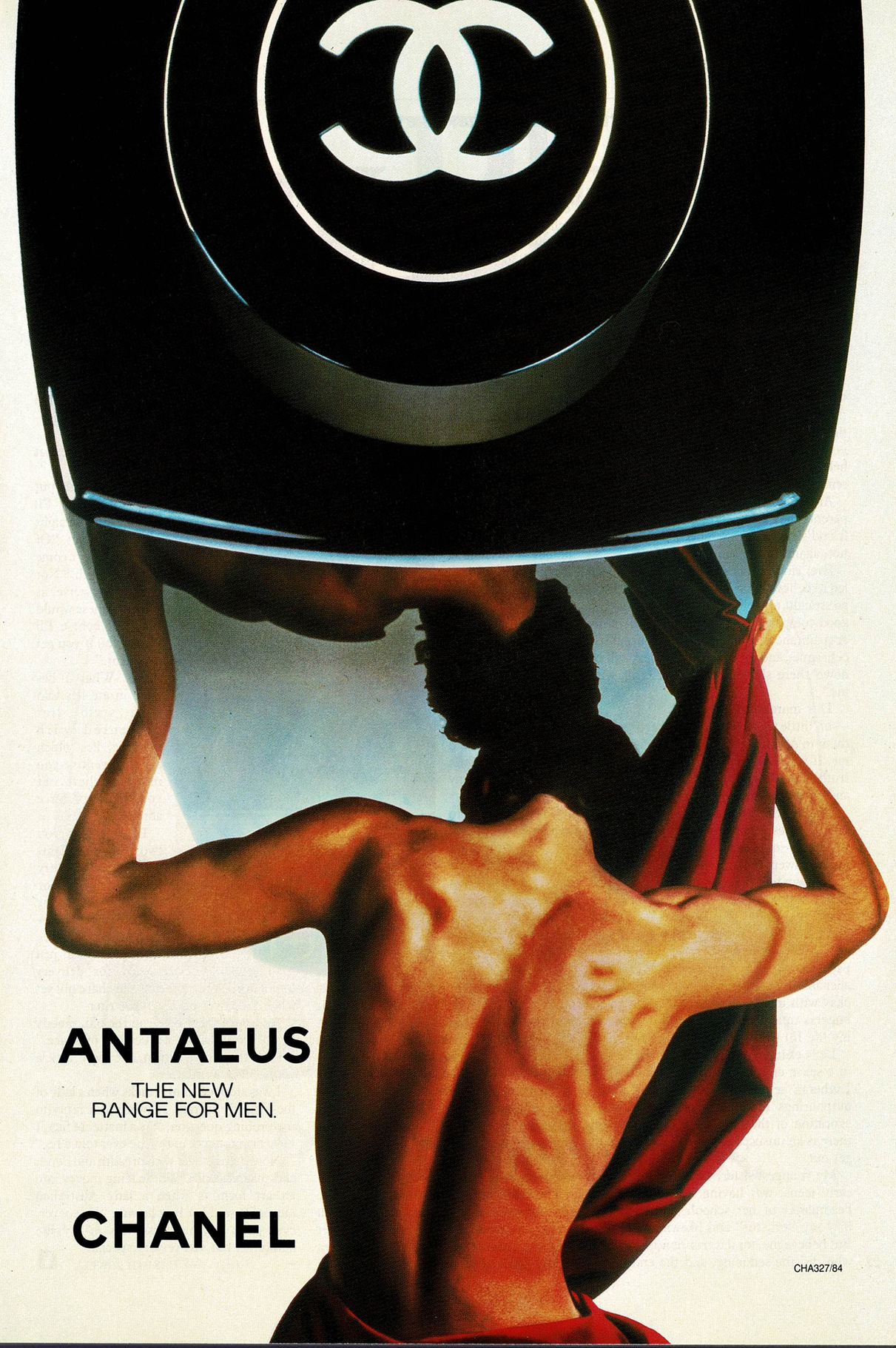
If that combination doesn't strike your fancy, the classic Bloody Mary (vodka, tomato juice and spices of your choice) can do wonders for the Sunday morning droops.

With the salad itself a reasonable cask or flagon dry white is quite adequate and, in fact, you are not looking for something of high quality here. The combination of the tuna, the anchovies and the vinaigrette dressing will simply swamp any delicate wine.

In fact with this salad a cask rose or even a red is quite acceptable. I won't recommend any particular brand — basically it is a matter of what is in the discount bin.

Just a small tip to end it all. Keep an eye on the date stamps on your cask wine. Earlier this year I got caught with a job lot that was very badly out of date indeed.

It didn't make for happy drinking at all. — RICHARD BECKETT



BEHAVIOR

Lies, damned lies and "little porkies": there's a real art to bending the facts.

I am a liar. I am a good liar. Nay, I am an excellent liar. And I am a frequent liar. An admission of sin, you say? The mark of a man of no moral worth or probity? Possibly, possibly. Yet everyone I know lies. Some lie as an occupational necessity — politicians, magazine publishers, PR flacks, used car salesmen, computer consultants.

Some lie as a social need — using inventive lies as the lubricant which makes the wheels of life run smoother: husbands who tell their wives they are working late at the office; wives who tell their husbands they are helping a friend move. (In a way it is not strictly a lie, as indeed they *are* helping a friend to move. But not in the sense they imply.)

And there are children who tell their parents they are spending the night at their friend's house — as indeed they are. But not, again, in the sense implied.

Ever since I was a young lad I have been led to believe lying is a sin and as a liar I will go straight to Hell. In which case I will be in good company. All of my friends, all of my acquaintances, all of my journalistic colleagues and all of my publishers will be down there shovelling the hot coals with me.

This moral obsession against telling lies — or "little porkies" as Arthur keeps calling them in *Minder* — has never sat easily with me. If we all went around telling the literal truth then life would be both very difficult and very unpleasant.

Lies are the politenesses, courtesies and grace notes that make life tolerable. Although sometimes, of course, they can have a lower, baser motive.

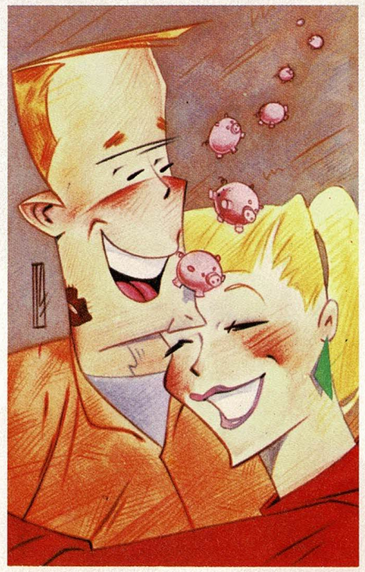
My own favorite lie is the one I have told all my serried ranks of children when they were but young ankle-biters: "The ice cream van only plays its bell when it's sold out." I have been told by psychologists and psychiatrists and psychoanalysts this will alienate my children's affections. That's okay with me. As long as it keeps the little buggers quiet during a formative period of my life I'll live with their future trauma.

Let's examine the lie as an art form. Not in a sense of carping criticism, not with a Lutheran sense of awful sin, but as the outpourings of an artist, an individual's evocation of the fact that in every person there is an unsuccessful novel struggling to get out.

My youngest sister, when she was in her early teens, was having it away with the headmaster of her school. To which you may say "tut, tut" and likewise "shame". But believe me, for it is true, it was my sister who did the seducing, and the end result was that she enjoyed regular nooky and high examination marks for the rest of her scholastic career.

This affair was consummated in the back of a Volkswagen Microbus parked in isolated parts of the countryside. And how was my sister to keep this appalling news from her hyper-religious parents? (It will give you a rough idea of the climate of our home when I tell you there were no games on Sundays and my father said, frequently, "There is plenty of time for her to start going out with men when she is 21." Repressive is the word you are looking for.)

What she did was tell my mother her class had formed a group which mimed to records by the Black And White Minstrels. My sister then explained that her group, as an act of charity, was going around the district's lunatic asylums and mental homes entertaining the inmates.



My mother only ever tried to check up on her once. I was at home at the time, listening to her conversation to one asylum and for some while it looked very much as if they were going to send around two men in white coats to take my mother away.

She never tried to check up again and my sister carried on rattling her way — if that is the expression I am looking for — around the country in perfect safety and contentment, with her happy principal.

Some lies are so commonplace they are hardly worthy of mention. The most mundane example is "Your cheque is in the post," which is only slightly refined by "Your cheque is being processed by our computer," or "The director who signs cheques is away this week."

There are better, more stylish ways to get over temporary financial shortages. Consider the retaliation of one famous contemporary Australian who attempted to pay his bill with a cheque in a restaurant in one of our southern capitals.

The restaurant refused the cheque on the not totally unreasonable grounds that similar inscribed pieces of engraved paper from the same gentleman had been drawn on the Bank of Dunlop at previous times and had bounced with all the vigor of a newly made tyre.

Cash, they insisted, was the only acceptable legal tender.

His riposte is still spoken of in hushed terms among those who matter: "Dammit, man, I haven't been so humiliated since they repossessed my helicopter."

Not that this essentially is a lie. There may even be an element of truth in there, somewhere. But it is bold and all-encompassing, with a touch of Florentine swagger and more than something of the suggestion of an empire when any Englishman was as good as 12 foreigners.

It was listening to that tour-de-force that started me off on collecting lies.

Not mundane lies such as, "I'll only put in half an inch and if you don't like it I'll take it out straight away." Nor yet, "Of course I won't come in your mouth." Nor even more worse, as the Cantonese would say, "Of course I'll marry you if you get pregnant."

No. What I believe in are lies told with style, lies presented with panache, lies which are so inventive you may not believe, but you must perforce admire.

Let me give you two precise examples. I ask at every dinner party for guests to give their favorite lies. Journalists nearly always say, "I've finished the story and I'm just bashing out a clean copy for delivery tomorrow." Which means they have not yet taken the cover off the typewriter.

And publishers give you the old, moody "You see, it's just a question of space," before they turn down the best article you've ever written.

I was stopped in my tracks when a lady of the English peerage answered, in reply to my probing question, "As a matter of fact, I have never, never in my life ever told a lie."

Now there is a lie with breadth and depth and magnificence. Where lying moves into an art form is when a lady Australian journalist said her best lie was, "I've never, ever done anything like this in my life before. . . but you're very special."

— GARETH POWELL

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FIDEL CASTRO

A candid conversation with Cuba's communist leader about Reagan, revolutions, dictators, debt, and the private passions of a public figure.

Few world leaders, living or dead, have occupied history's centre stage as long as Fidel Castro, the Cuban leader whose words and deeds have irritated or enraged seven American presidents, whose revolution in 1959 electrified the world, and who has since remained an enigma to the West.

Castro became a symbol of socialist revolution around the world when in the '50s he led a guerilla campaign, along with fellow revolutionary Che Guevara, to overthrow the then repressive Cuban government. When Castro finally gained power in the tiny Caribbean island, he still had a deal of American sympathy; in fact US President Dwight Eisenhower recognised the Cuban rebel government within a week of its victory.

But when Castro immediately condemned US intervention in Latin America, relations between the two nations went rapidly sour, and when the US cut all economic ties in the early '60s, Cuba leant quickly towards the Soviet Union, increasing its trade to include arms supplies as well as military advisers for an already healthily sized militia.

Meanwhile the CIA was supervising and equipping thousands of Cuban exiles for an attempted overthrow of Castro's government, and within four months of President John F. Kennedy taking office, the exiles had landed on Cuba's south coast, intent on tipping back the balance of power in the Caribbean toward the US. That incident became known internationally as the Bay of Pigs invasion, but what resulted was a military disaster and a gross embarrassment for President Kennedy.

Soon after, Castro publicly declared Cuba as the first socialist state in the Americas, and the area immediately became the hottest point in an increasingly cold war between the USSR and the USA. Vast amounts of Soviet military hardware and personnel moved into Cuba, and in October 1962 US reconnaissance planes revealed medium range offensive nuclear missiles already placed in Cuban launching pads. President Kennedy ordered a US Navy-backed blockade of all ships carrying offensive weapons to Cuba and resolved to use force to make the blockade work, but the imminent nuclear confrontation was averted when Russian ships backed off and returned home.

The Soviet Union agreed to withdraw its nuclear weapons from Cuba when the US pledged it would no longer seek to overthrow the Cuban government. Nevertheless, CIA operatives continued for some time to plot to assassinate Castro.

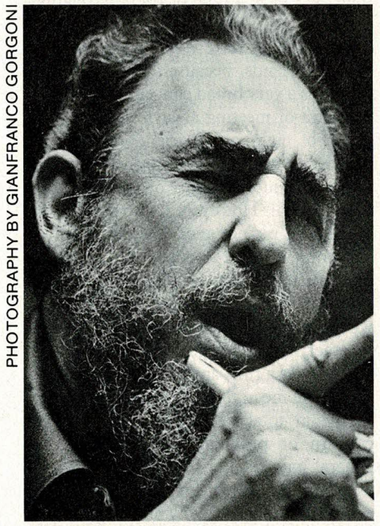
Castro has supported revolutions around the world, especially in Latin America during the '60s, and in the '70s, with Soviet support, Castro's international influence grew when he sent tens of thousands of troops to fight in Africa, firstly in Angola and later in Ethiopia.

He has, on the one hand, been called an irrational, charismatic personality given to illogical economic and foreign policy decisions, and on the other hand a great arbiter, indispensable leader, and a man with a keen intelligence whose policies have always been far-reaching.

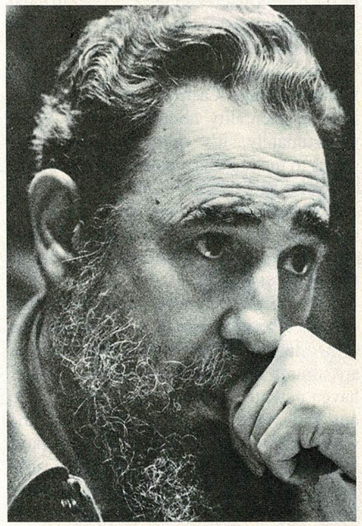
The 58-year-old's political style has emphasised active involvement and self-discipline, and after keeping the press at arm's length for the past two decades, he believes that the time has come to launch a new dialogue with the West.

Herein lies the rub: although Castro's talkativeness is legendary, it's difficult to imagine anyone engaging in a true back-and-forth dialogue with him. It's not that he doesn't listen to other viewpoints; he does, and though dogmatic about his political beliefs, he seems genuinely curious about everything. But his answers are long, often up to 20 minutes long, he waves away interruptions as his answers pile one on another, and follow-up questions are

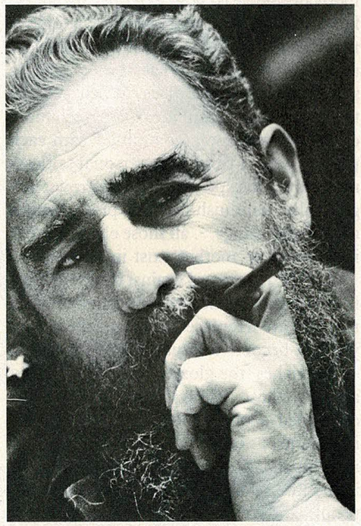
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GIANFRANCO GORGONI



"I have a great rival as a communicator and that is Reagan. But let me tell you something people might not believe: I have stage fright. I don't actually like making speeches."



"Now there are even two types of communist: a good communist and a bad communist. Unquestionably we've been classified among the bad communists."



"I wonder: Is there any fascist regime in the past 40 years that has not been an ally of the United States? I don't know of any reactionary state that has not."

purely academic in the circumstances.

The questioners themselves were free-lance writer and political science professor ***Dr Jeffrey M. Elliot*** *and Californian Democratic congressman and president of the Caribbean-American Research Institute* ***Mervyn M. Dymally,*** *and their interview became a nine-day marathon in the Cuban capital, Havana. On their return they filed this report:*

"He's a tall man, lean and fit, dressed in his usual military garb with boots highly polished. His eyes are piercing and as expected he's talkative. He raised a series of questions about the interview, arguing that the media make prisoners of politicians, who, he claimed, were forced to be trained seals; jumping on cue at the sight of a tape-recorder or camera.

"One night we taped from 10pm until 4am, with a tired Castro reviving as the hours passed. Armed with his favorite Cuban cigar, a Cohiba, and a glass of Chivas Regal, he spoke in a precise, didactic manner, treating each question as if it were the only one. He struggled hard not to be misunderstood, and built his responses brick by brick by brick. When the session ended, Castro was exhausted and so were we."

PLAYBOY: People know Fidel Castro the public figure but few know the man. Let's begin, Mr President, with some personal questions. After 26 years at the centre of controversy and history, what still motivates Fidel Castro?

CASTRO: Let me start by stating the things that do *not* motivate me. Money does not motivate me; material goods do not motivate me. Likewise, the lust for glory, fame, and prestige does not motivate me. I really think that ideas motivate me. Ideas and convictions are what spur a man to struggle in the first place. When you are truly devoted to an idea, you feel more convinced and more committed with each passing year. I think that personal selflessness grows; the spirit of sacrifice grows; you gradually relinquish personal pride, vanity, all of those things... all those elements that in one way or another exist in all men.

If you do not guard against those vanities, if you let yourself become conceited or think that you are irreplaceable or indispensable, you can become infatuated with all of that — the riches, the glory. I've been on guard against those things; maybe I have developed a philosophy on man's relative importance, on the relative value of individuals, the conviction that it is not the individual that makes history but the people; the idea that I can't lay claim to the merits of an entire people.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't think certain men are destined for personal greatness? It's all a matter of time and circumstance?

CASTRO: Yes. Very much so. If I hadn't been able to learn how to read and write, what role would I have played in the history of my country, in the Revolution? Where I was born, out of hundreds of kids, my brothers and sisters and I were the only ones who had a chance to study beyond the first few grades. How many more people were there, among those hundreds of kids, with the same or better qualities for doing what I did if they'd been given the opportunity to study?

There's a Spanish poem that tells of how often genius lies dormant in one's innermost soul, awaiting a voice that would call out, "Arise, and walk!" This is true; I believe this deeply. This is why I believe that the qualities required for being a leader aren't exceptional; they are to be found among the people.

Why am I saying this? Because I've noticed, especially in the West, a great tendency to associate historical events with individuals; it's the old theory that men make history. There is also a tendency in the West to see the leader of any Third World country as a chieftain; there's a certain stereotype: leader equals chieftain. From that there is a tendency to magnify the role of the individual. I can see it myself in what you say about us: Castro's Cuba, Castro did this, Castro undid that. Almost everything in this country is attributed to Castro, Castro's goings, Castro's perversities. That type of mentality abounds in the West; unfortunately, it's quite widespread. It seems to me to be an erroneous approach to historical and political events.

I think the people's feeling is one of familiarity, confidence and respect. No one even calls me Castro, only Fidel.

PLAYBOY: You may feel that the West magnifies the role of the individual, but aren't you under intense scrutiny here in Cuba?

CASTRO: Actually, I never think about that. I'm never even aware of it. There may be something that explains this. My activities are almost never reported in the press. I haven't created a fish-bowl for myself. I go out and visit factories, schools, and the various provinces and towns. It's true that I visited them more often in the past because I had more time then. But there's never been any protocol or welcoming ceremonies for me, as is customary for leaders in many other countries.

Yet crowds gather where I go. How long was it since I last went to a restaurant? Why? A new Chinese restaurant has just been opened in old Havana, which is being restored. It's small and cosy, in an old building. For some time now, I've wanted to go to the restaurant, but, if I go there, it will mean eating while people wait to see me in the street. Well, these are the minor inconveniences of my job. I have ways of getting around them. If I want a rest, if I want to relax, I go to the sea. I go to a small reef out there to scuba dive. There are some marvellous bottoms, fish and coral reefs, and I've grown accustomed to those places. When I was a student, nobody ever thought of scuba diving in the ocean as a sport. There were all those stories about sharks...

PLAYBOY: Considering all the travelling around Cuba you have done, how would you describe the relationship between the people and Fidel Castro?

CASTRO: I think that the people's feeling is one of familiarity, confidence and respect; it's a very close relationship, very close. I think it's a family relationship. The people look on me as a neighbor, as one more person. They aren't overpowered by positions, by public figures. No one even calls me Castro, only Fidel. I believe that that familiarity is based, among other things, on the fact that we've never lied to the people. Ours has been an honest revolution.

PLAYBOY: Do you have many close friends? *Can* a man in your position have friends?

CASTRO: Well, I have many friends who are not Cubans, whom I've met through different relationships, some of them outstanding personalities: for example, doctors, writers, film-makers, scientists, friends from abroad. But my friends in the Revolution are all my revolutionary comrades, all those who work with me, all those who hold important responsibilities in the state. We have a type of friendly relationship.

I don't really have what you might call a circle of friends, because for me a circle of friends is a very broad concept. I don't have the habit of meeting always with the same group of eight or 10 friends. I visit one friend one day, another another day; with some I talk more because of work relations, that's logical. However, I've tried to avoid — because it's not good practice, from the viewpoint of my responsibility — cultivating just one group of friends.

PLAYBOY: What we were getting at is whether people feel intimidated by you, whether they can argue with you.

CASTRO: As a rule, any of the comrades who work with me in the state or party can come to me in total familiarity and state any concern or problem they may have. In general my relations with comrades are excellent. But since you've asked me, there are two or three people who I work closely with who would tell you I'm a big headache to them.

As a rule I don't let myself get agitated or obsessed by problems. If I didn't have a sense of humor, if I couldn't joke with others and even with myself, if I weren't able to let go, I wouldn't have been able to handle the job. Because I also ask myself the same questions others do: How's my blood pressure? How's my heart doing? How have I been able to stand it for so many years?

I meet people who I immediately know are going to die young. I see them all worked up, bitter, tense, but that's not my case. Exercise and moderate eating habits have also helped.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever given any thought to marriage, a family, settling down, and retirement?

CASTRO: I've always been allergic to gossip-column publicity about the private life of public men. I believe that's part of the few intimacies that one has. That's why I maintain discretion — until one day. Someday, the things you're asking about will be known, but not with my co-operation. I can tell you that everything's perfectly well with my private life.

PLAYBOY: One more question in the personal vein. You are one of the last of the great orators, with your booming speeches to stadiums full of people; you are known as an effective communicator. Is there any difference between that public figure and the private man?

CASTRO: [*laughing*] I have a great rival as a communicator, and that is Reagan. But let me tell you something that people might not believe: I have stage fright. I mean, whenever I'm about to speak in public, I go through a moment of tension. I don't actually like making speeches. I take it more as a responsibility, a delicate task, a goal to be met. The huge rallies are difficult. I may have the basic ideas — you might call it a mental script of the essential ideas — and more or less the order in which I'm going to present them. But I work out and develop the ideas — the words, phrases, and forms of expression — during the speech itself. People prefer that to a written speech. It seems to me that they like to see the man's struggle, his efforts to elaborate ideas.

PLAYBOY: What your countrymen feel for you is one thing, but it's no secret that attitudes in Washington have hardened in recent years. President Reagan has characterised you as a ruthless military dictator, one who rules Cuba with an iron hand. How do you respond?

CASTRO: A dictator makes arbitrary decisions, is above all institutions, above the law, and is subject to no other control than his own will or whims. If being a dictator means governing by decree, then you might use that argument to accuse the Pope of being a dictator. His broad prerogatives for governing the Vatican and the Catholic Church are well known. I don't have those prerogatives. Yet no one would think of saying that the Pope is a dictator.

President Reagan can make terrible decisions without consulting anyone! Sometimes he may have to go through the

purely formal motions of securing the Senate's approval when he appoints an Ambassador, but Reagan *can* order an invasion such as the one against Grenada or a dirty war such as the one against Nicaragua. He can even use the codes in that briefcase he always carries around with him to unleash a thermonuclear war that could mean the end of the human race. If not, why does he have the briefcase? Why does he have the codes? And why does he have an aide with the briefcase? It's to be supposed that Reagan would make the decision to unleash a thermonuclear war without consulting the Senate or the House of Representatives, without consulting the Cabinet. And that's something that could spell the end of the human race.

PLAYBOY: But, Mr President, don't you in fact rule by personal decree? Don't you make all important decisions of state?

CASTRO: No. I don't make decisions totally on my own. I play my role as a leader within a team. Here, all the important decisions are analysed, discussed, and adopted collectively. I do, in fact, have some authority; I have influence. But my only real prerogative is to speak before the Central Committee, before the National Assembly, before public opinion. That's the main power I have, and I don't aspire to any other. I don't want or need any other.

Those are the conditions in which a political leader in our country must work. I don't think any of these mesh with the idea of a dictator, which comes from the verb *to dictate* — one who is always dictating orders of all kinds. I don't act that way, nor am I empowered to. I don't give orders; I reason. I don't govern by decree, nor can I.

During the war I led an army; in a war it has to be that way. There has to be that kind of responsibility — during World War II, Eisenhower had the responsibility and the power to make decisions — but, as soon as our movement was organised, we had collective leadership.

I honestly believe that the President of the United States has much greater power and more capability of giving direct, unilateral orders. If his power includes something so monstrously undemocratic as the ability to order a thermonuclear war, I ask you, who, then, is more of a dictator: the President of the United States, or I?

PLAYBOY: The history of relations between Cuba and the US is pretty bad; how much worse have they become since Reagan took office?

CASTRO: Considerably. He has, of course, tightened the US's 26-year-long trade and economic blockade against us. Then he put an end to United States citizens travelling to Cuba — something that had been re-established for some years. The United States even bans trade in medicine, a shameful thing. Not even an aspirin can come from the United States, it is legally forbidden... pharmaceuticals that may save a life are forbidden; no medical equipment can be exported from the United States to Cuba.

PLAYBOY: To ease these tensions, would you be willing to meet with President Reagan, without a pre-arranged agenda?

CASTRO: In the first place, you should ask the President of the United States. I don't want it to be said that I'm proposing a meeting with Reagan. However, if you want to know my opinion: I don't think it's very probable.

PLAYBOY: Your critics would argue that you need to employ cruel, punitive measures in imposing *your* kind of socialist system.

CASTRO: As regards the charge of cruelty, I think the cruellest people on earth are the ones who are indifferent to social injustice, discrimination, inequality, the exploitation of others — people who don't react when they see a child with no shoes, a beggar in the streets, or millions of hungry people. I really think that people who have spent all their lives struggling against injustice and oppression, serving others, fighting for others and practising and preaching solidarity, cannot possibly be cruel. I'd say that what is really cruel is a society — capitalism, for instance — that not only is cruel in itself, but forces man to be cruel.

Socialism is just the opposite. By definition, it expresses confidence and faith in man, in solidarity among men, and in the brotherhood of man — not selfishness, ambition, competition, or struggle. I believe that cruelty is born of selfishness, ambition, inequality, injustice, competition and struggle among men.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to how the US has portrayed Cuba specifically...

CASTRO: I want to remind you of the following: 20 years ago the worst things, terrible things, were said about China, about Mao Tse-tung, about Chinese communism, about the red threat and all the most inconceivable threats that China posed. The press used to say the worst things about China every day. However, that is no longer the case. The press is no longer full of articles, publications and insults against the Chinese government and the People's Republic of China. Quite the opposite, there are excellent diplomatic relations, investments, and increasing trade. And yet that process did not start with today's China but with the China of Mao Tse-tung, at the time of the Cultural Revolution, at the time when an extreme form of communism was preached and applied in China. Now even Reagan has visited the Great Wall and just look how everything has changed.

And why? Could you tell me why? Now there are even two types of communists: a bad communist and a good communist. Unquestionably we've been classified among the bad communists and I am the prototype of a bad communist.

PLAYBOY: What would it take to change your image from that of a bad communist to a good communist?

CASTRO: Unfortunately, if in order to change that concept of a bad communist to that of a good communist implies that we stop denouncing the things we deem incorrect, that we stop assisting the causes we deem just, that we break our ties of friendship with the Soviets, that we become anti-Soviet in order to be good communists, then that will never happen.

PLAYBOY: There is a general feeling that when a Marxist government takes over, the inevitable result is repression, curtailment of human rights, imprisonment of political dissidents.

CASTRO: The idea that anyone is in prison in Cuba, no matter what you have heard, for holding ideas that differ from those of the Revolution is simply nonsensical! No one in our country has *ever* been punished because he was a dissident or held views that differed from those of the Revolution. The acts for which a citizen may be punished are defined with precision in our penal code. Many of those laws were adopted prior to the triumph of the Revolution, and were applied to punish torturers and other criminals.

We have defended ourselves and will continue to do so. I don't expect that the counter-revolutionaries will put up a statue for me or that our enemies will honor me. [But] I've followed a line of conduct in the Revolution, and throughout my life in fact, of absolute respect for an individual's physical integrity. If we had to mete out punishment — even drastic punishment — we meted it out. But, no matter what our enemies may say, no matter how much they may lie and slander us, the history of the Revolution contains *no* cases of physical abuse or torture! All the citizens in this country without exception know this.

PLAYBOY: That's a sweeping denial, Mr President. Does that mean that any story told about unfair imprisonment, or torture, in Cuba through the years has been a lie?

CASTRO: Yes. We've never had to resort to anything illegal — to force, to torture, or crime. Another thing: never has a demonstration been broken up by the police in Cuba. Never in 26 years has a policeman used tear gas, beaten a citizen during a demonstration, or used trained dogs against the people.

PLAYBOY: It has been reported that Cuba has dramatically expanded its own defences recently. After all these years, do you still actively fear an attack or an invasion by the United States?

CASTRO: It's no secret that we have increased our defence capability considerably in the past four years. Why have we done this? Obviously, not as a sport; not for fun or for the love of arms. I'd rather have said, like Hemingway, "Farewell to arms". It has been in response to an open, declared policy of force and threats against Cuba implemented by the US Government.

PLAYBOY: You said this has happened in the past four years; so it's obviously the Reagan

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administration's policies you feel threatened by.

CASTRO: We launched this effort even prior to the present administration, when we realised that the wave of conservatism and the great economic difficulties might turn the US constituency in favor of a chauvinist policy. We perceived a strong ideological component in Reagan's administration: the ideas and mentality of crusaders, they virtually proclaimed their objective of sweeping socialism off the face of the earth. In other times, there were people who had the same goal, and we know what happened then. Our effort was intensified after the US invasion of Grenada. What we've done is perfectly logical. We couldn't wait until the US decided to invade Cuba to start making ready. That's a mistake we could not afford to make; those who made it didn't survive.

PLAYBOY: You've mentioned Grenada. How do you explain the failure of the socialist revolution in that country?

CASTRO: The invasion of Grenada by the United States was, in my view, one of the most inglorious and infamous deeds that a powerful country like the United States could ever commit against a small country. What was occurring there had nothing to do with the failure of socialism. What had been taking place in Grenada was a process of social change, not a socialist revolution. I believe what opened the doors for invading that country, what gave the United States a pretext on a silver platter, were the activities of an ambitious and extremist sectarian group led by Bernard Coard, an alleged theoretician of the revolution, who was really advancing his own ambitions to conspire against the popular leader, Maurice Bishop.

I believe that history will judge these events and I have no doubt that some day, US citizens — or future generations of US citizens — will be ashamed of the way the people were manipulated and the evident display of lack of culture and political ethics.

PLAYBOY: Given Cuba's commitment to liberation and self-determination, how can you justify the presence of Soviet troops in Afghanistan? How can the bloodshed there be anything but an embarrassment to socialist countries?

CASTRO: Afghanistan is one of the most backward countries in the world, where a feudal regime had existed up until April, 1978. It had an illiteracy rate of 90 percent and an infant mortality rate of 235 for every 1000 live births — one of the highest rates in the world. Two thousand families owned 70 percent of the land, and the population consisted of around 1500 tribes. I believe that Afghanistan was one of the places in the world where a revolution was becoming more and more indispensable. As soon as that revolution took place — as it inevitably had to — the CIA began its activities, subversive activities, exactly like the ones now being carried out in Nicaragua. The United States has invested $1 billion in helping the counter-revolutionary gangs since the beginning of that revolution.

The Afghan Revolution led to a series of tensions in the region. Cuba was involved in trying to find solutions to those tensions, including hosting the sixth summit meeting of the non-aligned countries in Havana, in 1979. There I met President Taraki, then President of Afghanistan. I had also met the man who was to overthrow him and cause him to be murdered — Amin. He was a man who came to resemble Pol Pot, the genocidal leader of Cambodia. You can't imagine what a pleasant man he was!

You know, I've had the rare privilege of meeting some figures whom you would find courteous, well-educated, who have studied in Europe or the United States, and later on you find out that they've done horrible things. It's as if, at some moment, people go mad. It seems that there are people whose brain neurons aren't adapted to the complexities of revolutionary political problems, so they do crazy things that are

The invasion of Grenada was one of the most inglorious deeds that a powerful country like the US could commit against a small country.

really amazing.

In any case, everyone had a hand in that situation until the events that took place in Afghanistan in later 1979. The Soviets were helping the Afghans — that is true — because Taraki originally requested their help. Amin later also asked the Soviets for help, and a lot of Soviets were there, assisting in a wide range of fields —military, economic, technical, all kinds — up until Soviet troops were sent into the country on a massive scale.

PLAYBOY: That is, when they invaded. And you say that was based on what reason?

CASTRO: Essentially because of counter-revolutionary actions fostered from abroad. Revolutions always entail more than a few complications and headaches. No revolution has ever avoided that; not the French Revolution of 1789, the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Chinese Revolution, the Vietnamese Revolution, the Cuban Revolution or the Nicaraguan Revolution. There are no exceptions, and all the problems arise from the invariable attempts made from abroad to overthrow the revolution. This is also what happened with the revolution in Afghanistan.

PLAYBOY: You blame the invasion on the CIA, then?

CASTRO: The CIA was, and continues to be, doing everything in its power to create problems for the government of Afghanistan and for the Soviets. It's pouring enormous amounts of weapons and money into Afghanistan, using the emigres, playing on the political backwardness of a part of the Afghan people, using religion — it's making use of every tool it can to create difficulties for the Afghan revolutionaries and for the Soviets. I don't think the CIA is particularly interested in promoting peace in the country.

PLAYBOY: Yet there was a bloody invasion. How can you defend the Soviet action, while at the same time preaching the philosophy of revolution and liberation?

CASTRO: I sincerely believe that the Afghan Revolution was just and necessary, and we could support nothing that would jeopardise the Afghan Revolution. We sympathise with and support the Afghan Revolution; I say this frankly. [But] I think Afghanistan could be a non-aligned country — but one in which the revolutionary regime is maintained. If a solution is sought that is based on the idea that Afghanistan should go back to the old regime and sacrifice the Revolution, then, unfortunately, I don't think there will be peace there for a long time. I think it's in the interest of all the neighboring countries, including the Soviet Union, to find a solution. And I believe that the observance of the principle of respect for Afghanistan's sovereignty and for its right to make social changes, build the political system it deems best and correct, and have a non-aligned government as a Third World country, should serve as the basis of a solution for the problems there.

PLAYBOY: You repeatedly describe the United States as the source of many of the world's problems while either praising or avoiding criticism of the Soviet Union. Yet many see Soviet foreign policy as warmongering and expansionist. The invasion of Afghanistan and the crushing of Solidarity would seem to fit that category.

CASTRO: You can't ask the Soviet Union to remain impassive, if it actually feels threatened. I believe that these accusations of warmongering have no historical foundation whatsoever. Let's go back for a moment. Any scholar who knows the history of the Soviet Revolution can't ignore that while Lenin's first decree was a proclamation of peace — immediately, 24 hours after the victory of the 1917 Revolution — the first step the Western countries took was to invade Russia. It was Lenin who first stated the principle that the nations that made up the old Czarist empire had a right to independence.

PLAYBOY: Pardon us, but —

CASTRO: [*Waving away the interruption*] I would cite the example of Finland, which was part of that empire and became an independent nation. Yes, everyone who has studied history knows that Lenin waged a great battle for the enforcement of that

(continued on page 113)

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COMPUTER CRIME

A layman's lesson in high-tech break and enter.

DON'T TAKE ME wrongly. I'm not advocating that you should become a criminal. Far from it. Much better that you should hew a straight and narrow path. But if you *are* going to become a criminal, at least you can do it in style and go where the money is: computer crime.

In Australia the current average return on capital invested achieved by robbing a bank through armed hold-up is $14,720, and that return has to be divided between at least two, and more often three, participants. There is also a distinct possibility of being shot at by an enraged member of the constabulary.

The current average return on straightforward embezzlement is something less than $25,000 and, although eventual prosecution and punishment is less certain than with bank robbery, the return on invested labor is still not high.

Although reports of computer crime are thin on the ground because companies hate to admit in public that they have been grossly careless, the current average return on a well-conducted computer fraud is upwards of half a million dollars with the risk of detection and subsequent punishment relatively low. It's unlikely any member of the Australian police has been

Article by GARETH POWELL

ILLUSTRATION BY RE:DESIGN

properly trained in the detection of computer crime. Conversations with senior members of the Fraud Squad suggest that, while they know the problem may be out there, they have no idea how they should go about detecting or combatting it.

On a straight Return On Investment basis, computer crime, then, is obviously the career path of the future for those planning to work on the other side of the law.

To begin our lesson, some examples. Study them with care.

Although it is perfectly possible for anyone with average intelligence to become a computer thief and make a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice, it does require more thought and attention than your straightforward mugging, shoplifting or car theft. Those cruder types of crimes are for the thickies and the lower classes, and inevitably end up with the men in the big boots feeling your collar and hauling you up in front of an unsympathetic magistracy where your stories of a deprived childhood will do you no good whatsoever. And quite right, too.

The subject of our lesson today, computer crime, is a far superior article.

True, it doesn't require a university degree, outstanding mathematical skills or even a complete understanding of the principles on which a computer works to become a successful practitioner. But it *does* require some diligent application on your part.

So sit up, get your mind off Miss September and attend carefully.

In 1973, Equity Funding in the United States found that they were short some $2.1 billion (as in US$2,100,000,000). Allowing for inflation that is the equivalent today of about A$6 billion.

The company's computer had been used to create fictitious clients with fictitious policies. The computer was cleverly set up to defraud new policy owners and, at the same time, keep genuine policy holders who were due for payment happy by sending them some of the money that had come from the new members. Technically, this is a computerised form of an old style of book fiddling called "teeming and lading".

When the whistle was blown by some disgruntled employees who were not getting their fair share of the loot and had noticed that matters were going astray, it was found that out of 97,000 policy holders listed by the computer, 64,000 were non-existent.

Now note this next part carefully. Despite the most stringent investigations, the personnel in the data processing department, who were checked every which way, were found to be as clean as a whistle. The perps — police slang for perpetrators — were alleged to be led by a senior employee of the company. The major portion of the money has never been recovered and the master-mind is still at liberty. And it's to be presumed he is not exactly scratching for a dollar.

As far as we know this is the world's largest computer fraud. As far as we know.

Let us now move from the sublime to the ridiculous. Last year in Hong Kong a young man bought himself a cheap computer. Let's call the young man Charlie Wong (his real name is not a million miles away from that). He took his computer home and played *Space Invaders* and *Pacman* and then got bored. Electronic games did nothing for him. Charlie didn't have much money (he worked for the MTR, Hong Kong's underground railway, as a trainee engineer) but he scraped enough together to buy himself a modem, a simple black box that attaches the computer to the telephone.

Now Charlie was ready to talk to the world. But who could he talk to? A friendly shopkeeper offered him the dialling and access codes of all the major company computers in Hong Kong for HK$10 (about A$2). Armed with this list, Charlie let his fingers do the walking.

His first port of call was alleged to be the overseas telephone company where he thought he would investigate his account. Now, understand clearly that Charlie knew nothing about computers. Nothing. And so he was a little less than lightfooted as he made his way through the secret recesses of the computer which contained all the overseas telephone accounts.

Inevitably, Charlie was shortly visited by the gentlemen in the big boots who felt his collar and confiscated the computer and modem and list of telephone numbers and access codes. But once they had Charlie safely locked away, Hong Kong's representatives of law and order simply could not find anything with which to charge him.

Charlie was, indeed, a perp. But what had he perpetrated? There is no law against going tip-toe through a computer's memory. And so Charlie was eventually charged with stealing one tenth of a Hong Kong cent's worth of electricity from the overseas telephone company. That is not a large amount. As the judge said at the trial to the arresting superintendent of police, "Have you nothing better to do with your time?"

I interviewed Charlie immediately after the trial. He had been given a suspended sentence. I found that he knew nothing about computers. I asked him why he had started with a telephone company. Why had he not broken into a bank and fiddled the accounts? The truth is that he *had* broken into a bank, and he could have fiddled with the accounts. But, as he said, that would have been dishonest.

Not everyone who accesses a bank's computer is as downright, outright and forthright as Charlie. A young executive with a famous international bank shortly to open in Sydney coughed the codes his bank used for international transactions for a small consideration to a young criminal who has become known as Mulgrave to avoid the laws of libel.

Mulgrave explains how he used this information to swing one of the larger computer frauds of the past few years.

"It's very simple," he says. "Money which has to be transferred urgently is sent either by cable or telex. In both, a code is used. If you have the code you can send as much money as you like and the receiving bank is bound to pay out. It's as simple as that.

"The message is always preceded by a numerical code, 791 in this case. This is not just one code but the sum of several others. There is a code for the transmitting bank, depending on which bank it is and in which city in which country, and there is a similar code for the receiving bank. There is also one for the kind of currency being transmitted, the day of the week, one for the month, one for the week, one for the date and several for the sum of money (one for the tens, one for the thousands, one for the tens of thousands). These are all added up and the final figure is used on the message as a check sum."

"Would you like to see it again?"

Once Mulgrave had the basic system nutted out, he used a home computer to tap into the bank's network and select a signal that was being sent out at random. The computer then broke the code and, using his happy home computer again, Mulgrave directed that money be sent to accounts which he held under assumed names in several countries.

Mulgrave was caught, but purely by accident. He used his computer when taken with the sparkling amber fluid and mis-keyed in a series of numbers which brought his attempts to the attention of a well-known bank security officer known to all and sundry as Davies the Spy. In fact, it wasn't the bank Davies worked for that was being ripped off. It was merely being used as a conduit for funds. But Davies spotted the discrepancy, tracked it down and Mulgrave was sentenced to four years in prison, coincidentally enough, in Hong Kong.

That was a particularly tough sentence as he was only tried on the one charge of trying to misappropriate funds to the tune of $3500. He had mis-keyed in the numbers as he normally only dealt in much larger amounts. The judge threw the book at Mulgrave because he simply refused to discuss whether he had been involved in any other computer crimes against banks.

Immediately after he was sentenced, all the international banks went into a protective huddle and said that it couldn't have happened to them.

I have met Mulgrave, who is not an easy man to interview. My best estimate is that he had it away on his toes with over A$10 million. He refused to confirm or deny the story but, by way of compensation, showed me how to use a home computer to tap Interpol to see whether they were looking for somebody in that line of business.

Now, class, if you are still paying attention, we come to the question of codes. Most bankers (and the way in which they behave in this area, banker should be spelled with a "w") put a touching faith in codes which they believe are unbreakable because there are millions of possible combinations.

True, there may be millions of combinations. But it is a poor home computer that will not operate at a million instructions per second. This article, for instance, was written on a Cromemco which will happily tool along at 12 million instructions per second. That doesn't mean that it will easily break a code where there are hundreds of digits involved at each end and such codes do exist, but it will eat most codes in minutes. And do it while I nip off down to the pub for a beer.

Where the codes are simple four-letter codes, as in most bank Personal Identification Numbers, the computer is hardly needed as they are so simple to break.

For example, in several banks in England you can choose your own PIN number, for added security, and to make it easy for you to remember once you have made your selection, numbers have certain letters attached. They have just had to withdraw the PIN number 2914 because it was being used by more than 50 percent of the account holders. If you match it up to the letters in the coded alphabet it spelled FUCK. Most account holders felt they could remember that with ease. Breaking that code is not a task of monumental difficulty.

Breaking into accounts that are code protected always depends on the complexity of the code but in Australia, at this moment, there would not be in excess of 100 installations where I would consider the code is relatively unbreakable.

First you need access to the telephone number that allows access to the program, but there is a commercially available program that will keep dialling telephone numbers until it finds one that is connected to a computer, make a record of that number and then go back to continuous testing. The Fraud Squad contacted me when they found out such a program existed. They found it very worrying. Damn right.

If you have been paying close attention, you will have realised that once you have entered a strange computer and you find codes to break, you let the computer do the work. You ask it to stop when it sees some familiar results from its code breaking — words such as "money", "transfer", "credit", "debit" — and hold it there to see if the code has been properly cracked.

The computing departments of universities delight in producing "uncrackable" codes. In 1982, Stanford University wrote a code based on an algorithm known by code breakers as a "trapdoor knapsack". Not only was it totally unbreakable but they offered a prize for anyone who could achieve the impossible. The reward was duly claimed in spite of the experts.

This "trapdoor knapsack" is infinitely more complex and more difficult to break than most of the codes Australian banks use for their everyday transactions.

For those happy bankers who announce in public that the possibility of breaking through layers of code is purely hypothetical, let them dwell on the following practical example of the falseness of their hypothesis.

Jerry Neal Schneider nicked more than a million dollars' worth of equipment (although he was only charged with a quarter of that sum) from the Pacific Telephone Company by working his way through several layers of codes, all of which were widely recognised as being tamper-proof.

Young Schneider managed to break in by accessing through a telephone line although, to this day, Pacific swears that what he did was impossible. The District Attorney said, "Jerry Neal Schneider allegedly stole one million dollars' worth of equipment from Pacific Telephone Company by cracking the code for the company's computer ordering system. He was able to tap into the computer centre with a Touch-Tone telephone to place large orders from the company's supply division."

In an interview, Mr Kinsel, the chief security officer of Pacific Telephones, said, "There was no way — no landline at all into the computer." Presumably Mr Kinsel believes that Jerry Schneider was helped by the tooth fairy.

When Schneider was eventually caught and convicted (he was dobbed in by a jealous mate), he was sentenced to 40 days in jail and ordered to pay Pacific Telephones $141.50 a month for five years by way of compensation. Nothing was said about the equipment, worth probably well over a million bucks, that had been spirited away by Schneider. He now works as a security consultant specialising in computer

"Do you deny ever having said, 'Ethics Shmethics'?"

crime. It takes a thief. . .

Note well the size of the sentence and that, once again, it was a human accomplice that dobbed him in. If you have followed the lesson carefully so far, you will have learned these rules:

1. Never try hacking at other computers when drunk.

2. Never tell your mates what you are doing as they will get jealous.

3. If you get caught, set yourself up as a security consultant.

Now to more advanced matters. Companies are frequently blackmailed by computer crackers into coughing up the readies to prevent them having their system destroyed. A major example of this occurred in England, where a company's data processing department demanded double salaries all round or they would stuff the computer. They got the money.

Nearer home, and more amusing, is the Phantom XTer of News Limited. This splendid organisation is a jewel in the media crown of Rupert Murdoch, our very own wild colonial boy. The newspapers the company publishes are computerised, and these days news is fed in by countless journos either directly through terminals or from outside the building, through computers linked up via modems.

The theory, which has been proved as demonstrably false, is that you cannot access the computer from outside except to send in copy. For some years News Limited has been having a problem with a mystery person known as the Phantom XTer who removes from the computer any copy written by a woman (the process of removing copy is called XTing). It is widely rumored that the Phantom XTer is: a thrice-divorced man being financially crippled by alimony; a homosexual whose copy has been mangled by a female subeditor; an outside contributor who feels that perhaps he is not being paid enough; or possibly all three.

At the moment the Phantom XTer appears to be lying low, and copy produced by lady journalists remains safe. But the Phantom has never been traced, never tracked down. He could strike again any time and any place.

That is an example of the hacker who is in it just for the sheer fun of the game.

Not so the miscreants who, in 1981, fanged $21 million from Wells Fargo. Or the naughty persons who, in 1981, took the world's largest advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson, for $31 million. Or the wicked members of the licentious soldiery who nicked $85 million in Korea in 1974 through manipulation of the data processing system. It is difficult to believe all of that lot were breaking into computers just for the hell of it. The money almost certainly held some attraction.

Nor can one ascribe the sheer joy of hacking to the members of the American convict rehabilitation group, Con'Puter Systems Programming, sponsored as a public-spirited gesture by Honeywell, who were using the computer to operate an income tax fraud. Honeywell took its computer back.

So how much computer fraud is going on at the moment?

Jack B. Rochester and John Gantz, experts in this field, estimate that the worldwide total for 1984 was in excess of $23 billion. What percentage of that total belongs to Australia is anyone's guess.

Here the most prevalent computer crime at present is "salami slicing". Take a company with a large payroll and slice a few cents off each pay packet. Direct them all to yours. The chances of someone being able to work out that their pay packet is three cents short and do something about it is almost infinitesimal.

The largest salami slicing operation publicly known was reported by computer consultant Leonard I. Kraus after he apprehended a perp — this time a computer programmer — in mid-slice. The take was in excess of $385,000 but the company concerned refused to prosecute.

Companies are frequently blackmailed by computer crackers into coughing up the readies to prevent them having their system destroyed.

The second most prevalent fraud in Australia is instructing a computer, normally through a home computer, a modem and a telephone, to ship quantities of goods to phantom companies and then instruct the computer to erase all evidence afterwards using a technique known as "magic code".

Before I dismiss the class for the day, I must tell the story of a computer fraud which, while totally deplorable in itself, normally elicits murmurs of admiration.

The scene is England and one of the best-known of the computer security consultants, Guy Parker, is called in to deal with a most unusual computer fraud. His normal method of working for clients is to remove a substantial amount of money from their account, stick it in his own bank and then explain to them how he did it and what they must do to make it more difficult.

But this case was different. A sales executive with 30 sales staff was quite legally entitled to an over-riding commission on their sales. To save the company's accountant the hassle of working out the figures every month, he suggested that a bi-annual figure should be calculated in advance against budget and that he should be paid proportionately monthly with an adjustment at the end of the year.

He then took it a step further. He told the accountant that he knew from experience that certain lines, when they were ordered, were always followed by a repeat order of the same size the following month. And so, to save paperwork, he would indicate that fact on the initial order and the joint figure could be used for calculating his commission. Experience showed that he was, in fact, better than 90 percent accurate in his predictions.

And so for more than seven years he got his commission on the order, and the commission on the anticipated increase in the order, and the commission on the increased order when it arrived as anticipated, and a commission on the extra order he anticipated that would be created by this order which, if you are still following closely, was created by the original order.

And, helpful chap he was, he helped the accountant program the computer to allow for those commissions and sent him several memos explaining and confirming exactly what he had done.

The chairman of the company slowly woke up to the fact that the company was successfully selling goods and was also going gradually bankrupt.

He called in computer crime consultant Guy Parker, who confronted the sales executive with the evidence. He readily admitted that he had taken those commissions, which amounted to well over 200,000 pounds. As the board had been about to make him a director, they were at a loss on how to handle the situation without embarrassment all round. So they asked him to do the decent thing and resign and they wouldn't prosecute.

He wouldn't have a bar of it. He pointed out that everything he had done had been known and approved of by the chief accountant and he had copies of memos to prove it. The chairman said, "Hang it all, we can't go on like this. We can't possibly continue to employ you."

And the sales executive refused to budge. He demanded, and got, three and a half times his salary in compensation for early dismissal, a new and rather luxurious automobile for the loss of use of a car and an excellent reference from the board. He told them that if they did not supply such a reference he would happily sue them in open court.

There is no moral to this story. It is, in fact, an immoral story. But it *is* true. And the sales executive concerned is now working in a senior position with a computer company in Australia. I once asked him how he had planned the whole caper.

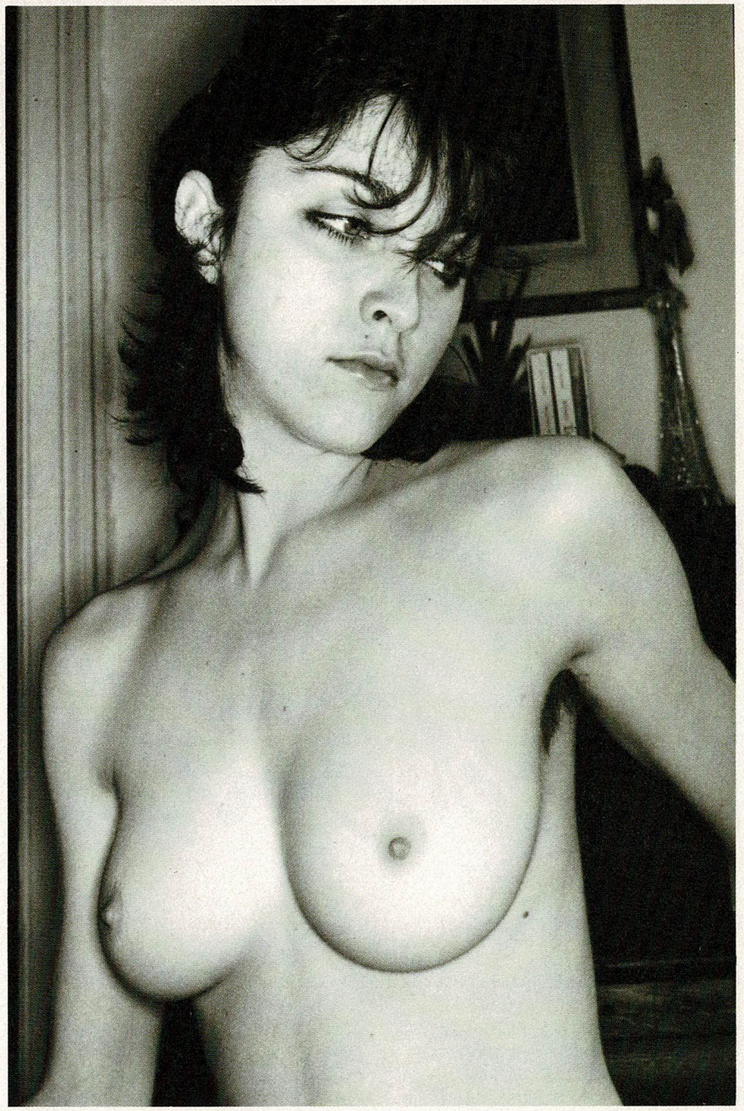
He looked me straight in the eye and said, "I don't know what you are talking about." Surely there's a lesson in that for all of us.

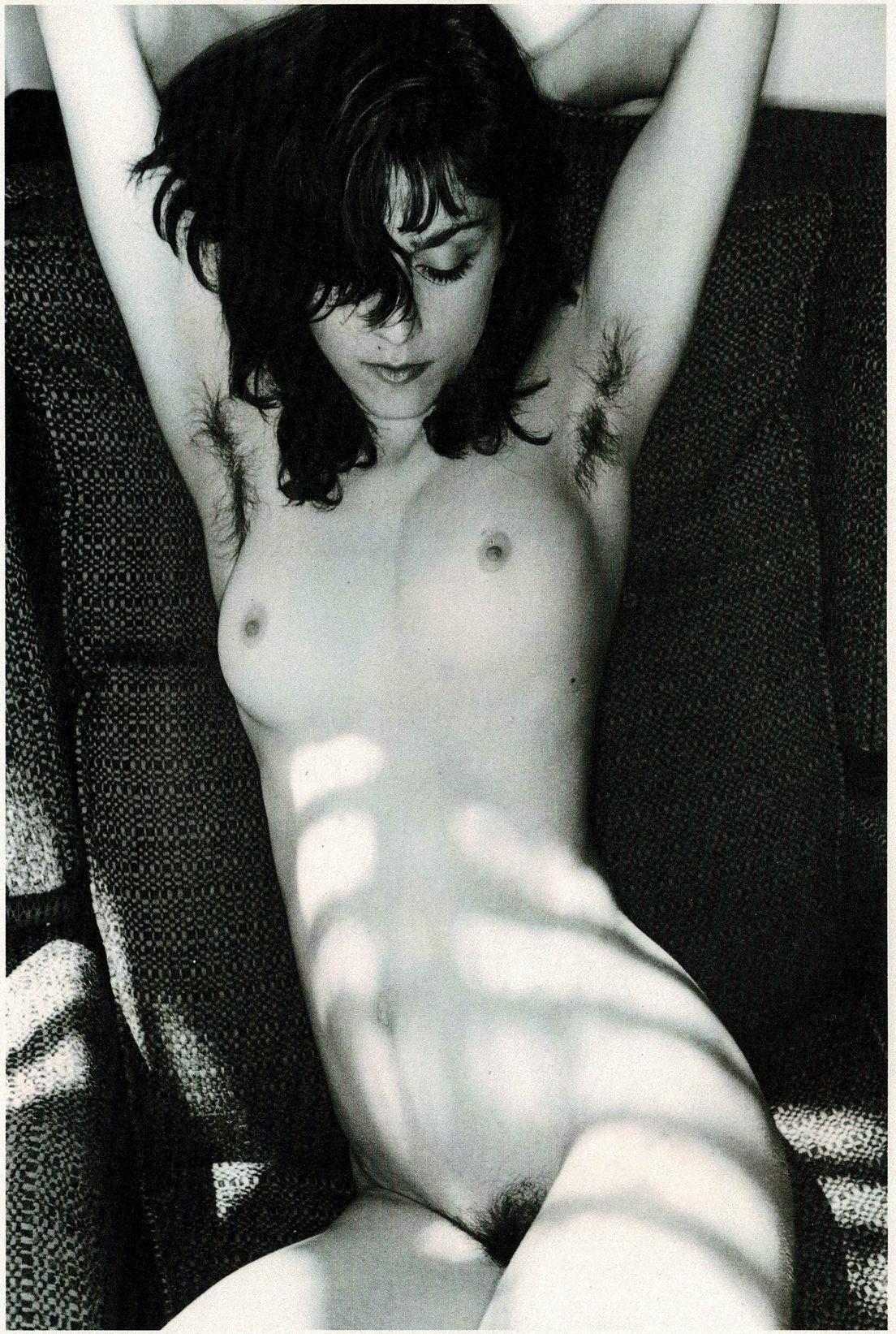
Madonna

A look at our material world's most unreal girl — before she was a superstar.

On stage, in flashy trash and laser light, her sneer says, "Toy with me, I'll toy with you." On screen, she is Susan of the streets, canny and in control. On *Countdown,* she is the belly button all Australia loves. Once a hip gadabout, she is this season's sex symbol. And like Marilyn Monroe before her, Madonna Louise Ciccone did some nude posing before she got famous. These photographs were taken by well-known art photographer Lee Friedlander during numerous sessions in 1979-80. "She seemed very confident, a streetwise girl," says Friedlander. "She told me she was putting a band together. She was a good professional model." The results of those sessions attest to both Friedlander's talent and Madonna's unusual beauty. "I was curious to try my hand at the nude." That's how Friedlander, a man with three Guggenheim fellowships and a 1981 Medal Of Paris to his credit, recalls his reason for taking pictures of Madonna. For those of you living in sound-proof booths, Madonna's first two albums were wildly successful. Her *Virgin* tour in the US had Michael Jackson and Prince stewing in the musical background. *Desperately Seeking Susan* made her the hottest young actress in Hollywood. Best of all, her on-stage contortions and Boy Toy voice have put steamy sex back where it belongs — front and centre in the limelight.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEE FRIEDLANDER





SEXUAL FANTASIES

Would you ever reveal your most erotic desires? Would you dare to try and make them come true?

A FEW YEARS AGO, I was on a George Street bus, reading a newspaper account of an English lord who had paddled his child's nanny on the bare backside, when the elegant woman reading over my shoulder asked me, "Would you like to spank me?"

The bus was packed. Even though none of the other passengers was paying us any obvious attention, there was a subtle shift in the

Article by DAVID BLACK

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

crowd. Conversations stopped. Eyes snaked to the side to check us out. The elegant stranger in her Audrey Hepburn A-line dress looked like a slumming countess in a 1950s movie, the kind of film that has Gregory Peck as a newspaperman on the skids caught up in intrigue and romance against his will and better judgement. Her perfume had the bitter-sweet smell of crushed orange peel. She stared straight into my eyes as she waited for my answer.

Gregory Peck would have parried the question with a witticism. I blushed — for the first time since I was 15 and Denise Brown's mother caught me staring at Denise's breasts, trying to imagine what they looked like naked. To the slumming countess, I mumbled something inarticulate. At the next stop, I bolted.

I'd never before thought about erotic spanking. If I had, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't have thought it arousing. But from the moment I hit the pavement and the bus pulled away, I started fantasising about what would have happened if I had taken the slumming countess up on her offer. Twelve years later I still fantasise about it, sometimes so intensely I smell the crushed orange peel of her perfume.

THE TOP TEN TURN-ONS

Much of the current sexual fantasy research has been devoted to the problem of labelling. Like Adam in the Garden of Eden, sexologists have spent a great deal of time and effort giving names to amorphous things — sensations, experiences, fantasies. This work is necessary, because until such things are properly named it is impossible to take a sexual census, to find out what is real and what is myth. In fact, the preliminary results of this work have already destroyed quite a few myths. For example, women not only fantasise, but their top five fantasies are:

1) replacing their usual partner with another man;
2) a forced sexual encounter with a man;
3) watching others involved in sex;
4) idyllic sexual encounters with strange men; and
5) lesbian fantasies.

The top five fantasies for men:

1) replacing their usual partner with another woman;
2) a forced sexual encounter with a woman;
3) watching others involved in sex;
4) homosexual fantasies; and
5) group sex.

Obviously, the difference between men and women is not as great as some have believed.

The countess had joined the repertory company of my imagination, the dream theatre that has been playing for a standing-room-only audience of one ever since I became conscious.

"Ever since primary school I've fantasised about my teachers," says a man I will call Larry Calso (names of non-scientists have been changed to protect their privacy). Calso hasn't been in primary school for 30 years. He is a businessman with a reputation for being tough. Nothing about his presence — the expensive, conservative suits, the hand-made shirts, the shoes which I've never seen scuffed, his military posture, his typically challenging expression — hints at any kind of childlike vulnerability. Yet, in his fantasies, he is a child and he is vulnerable.

"The situation is usually a variation on a single theme," he says, his voice sounding as professional, as matter-of-fact as if he were discussing a real estate deal. "I have to stay after school... the only other person in the room is the teacher. She is sitting on the edge of her desk. She's wearing a tight skirt that rides up her thighs, so I can see her underwear, which is surprisingly frilly and sexy. I put my hand in my pocket and start to masturbate secretly. At some point, I realise the teacher knows what I'm doing and is sitting so I can get an even better view of her crotch. Neither of us acknowledges what is happening. And there's something about that — that we're sharing an unspoken secret — that makes the whole fantasy especially arousing."

During the description of the fantasy, Calso catches the waitress's eye and orders another drink without losing a beat. I am astounded by how casually he is able to reveal something so intimate. Most people are not so ready to open up.

"I've found most men I go out with tend to be — not passive, but fairly traditional in their lovemaking," says Robin Thouey. She interrupts herself to ask, "You sure you want to hear this?" Of course I want to hear it. What she means is, "Am I sure I want to tell it?" She later admits that, although she'd been fantasising like crazy ever since I'd arranged to interview her, the moment we got together she went blank. "I had to put myself into a sort of trance to tell you. I mean, it was fun only after I got started. Before that I was terrified.

"Anyway," she says, "my favorite fantasy, current favorite, one I'd like to act out with someone but no one is willing to do it, is: I'm in bed. Somehow a guy has the key to my apartment. He lets himself in. I wake up and realise this guy, this stranger, is tying me down. He whips me — not really hard, but not gently either. I mean, somehow I know everything is safe. It's not a fantasy about brutality. But he is very forceful. He masturbates me; he makes love to me violently. I get off on his forcefulness."

Robin is an active feminist. It obviously cost her a lot to admit such a sexist fantasy. But the fantasy exists; it would have cost her more to deny it.

"Which fantasy should I tell?" says Richard Deitrich, a commercial artist who is working on his fifth double scotch before he can approach the subject. He's spent over an hour and a half asking questions about what I've learned in my research and only seems ready to reveal his fantasies after I've told him about a man who has a recurrent fantasy of watching his girlfriend make love to a dog.

"Would he really want her to do that?" Deitrich asks.

"It's just his fantasy," I explain.

"A big dog or a small dog?" he asks.

"Big," I say.

"Yeah, a chihuahua wouldn't be that sexy," he says. "What was it that turned him on?"

"Her wanting to do it," I say.

"Does his girlfriend really want to do it?" he asks.

"She likes imagining it," I tell him. "I don't think she'd like doing it."

"A dog!" Deitrich says. "My fantasy isn't *that* bad."

His fantasy involves watching his girlfriend make love to another man. "We're in a taxi, see," he says. "And we're making out. She's got her blouse open and her skirt around her waist. The driver is watching us through the rear-view mirror. I tell her that, and she gets hot. She asks the driver if she can sit up front with him. He parks on a side street, and, half-naked, she gets into the front seat. I'm in the back, I can't even see what they're doing most of the time. But I can hear her. Oh boy, can I hear her! It's hearing her come that turns me on. Would I ever do it? I don't know. I think if I got to the point where I could tell her the fantasy, I'd want to try. But I don't know if I could ever get to that point. I'm afraid she'd be outraged."

"Is that all that's stopping you?" I ask. "Fear of her reaction?"

He stares blankly past my shoulder, obviously still in the back seat of the imaginary taxi.

"Yeah," he says. "Yeah."

At some point, all the people I interviewed wondered if their fantasies made them freaks. They wanted to know if everyone fantasises, if other people's fantasies are as odd as they think theirs are.

And all of them described their fantasies in the present tense, as if the imagined events exist on a parallel track with reality — the hot third-rail of consciousness that brings us power. In fact, sexual fantasies are always with us, flickering on and off as we go through our daily routine. They are our secret sharers, waiting in the wings for the chance to flash, leap, tumble, fly, hop, juggle, clown, slink, twirl and cart-wheel into awareness.

Fantasy research may go even deeper —

(continued on page 102)

"This is the crazy, red-headed nymphomaniac's husband. Can I help you?"

PHOTOGRAPH: RUGBY LEAGUE WEEK

20 QUESTIONS: WALLY LEWIS

The Emperor of Brisbane's Lang Park talks about being the world's top rugby league hero, a national competition, South Africa and the controversy of sport sponsorships.

In Queensland, Wally Lewis is as well known as Premier Joh, Greg Chappell and Greg Norman. Pick up a Brisbane newspaper any day from the start to the end of a football season, and it's odds-on his name will be in there somewhere. If there isn't an article about him he more than likely features in an ad.

Long before the 25-year-old became Australia's rugby league captain in 1984 he was an enormous star in his home city of Brisbane. But the fame of Wally Lewis doesn't stop there. In Papua New Guinea, rugby league's newest nation, Lewis is like a god. For the past two years the English magazine Open Rugby has named the Queenslander the world's number one player.

And it isn't just the fans who sing the praises of Wally Lewis. Queensland Rugby League boss and former federal Labor senator Ron McAuliffe recently described Lewis as the high priest of the spectacular; now retired journalist and former Australian rugby league vice-captain Jack Reardon rates Lewis Queensland's best ever league product, and Australian Rugby League chairman Ken Arthurson puts him in the same class as the great Bob Fulton, generally regarded as one of the immortals of rugby league.

Commercially, Lewis has been used extensively to extol the virtues of major products, including the State's most famous, Fourex beer. "The Emperor of Lang Park" they called him in a TV ad, which gave rugby league thousands of dollars worth of prime-time television at no cost.

Lewis first became noticed as a youngster with potential when he toured with the famous Australian Schoolboys rugby union side back in 1978. Other famous players in both codes of rugby in that team were the Ella brothers, Michael O'Connor, Tony D'Arcy, Michael Hawker and Tony Melrose.

But league, which he'd played as a junior, took his interest soon after and when he made his debut for the famous Valleys club in Brisbane the following year at 18, and scored three tries in that match, it was obvious the youngster was really "something else".

His rise to the Australian captaincy against the touring English side last year was an historic step for Queensland, and if Lewis takes the Kangaroos to England and France at the end of next season, he will become only the second Queenslander to do so.

On those facts alone, it's little wonder he is a hero back home. But while he's loved in Queensland, he is literally hated in NSW, Australia's other major league-playing state. Each time he ventures south to play he is loudly booed, in fact he was jeered when he accepted the Ashes trophy at the Sydney Cricket Ground following the final Test against the Poms last year. But our interviewer, Queensland editor of Rugby League Week ***Tony Durkin****, says it's a love-hate relationship.*

"I'm sure Sydney people see Lewis as a threat to the supremacy their game has held for so long, and booing him is the natural thing for them to do. But deep down inside they admire the man. They are too smart not to.

"Wally Lewis is a freak insofar as football talents are concerned. In simple terms, he has it all. In the early days of his success, he was a brash youngster, his ego fuelled by his success. But as the success became larger, the head became smaller. People don't realise this, but Wally Lewis, despite the many signs of a confident man, is really very shy. And he is ill at ease in a crowd.

"That seems strange for someone who performs so magnificently in front of so many people, time after time. But it's true. Offer him a 15-course banquet for 100, or pies and peas for two, and every time he'll take the latter."

1.

PLAYBOY: In Queensland you've been called King Wally, the Emperor of Lang Park and a footballing freak. How do you react to such adulation?

LEWIS: That's just someone's opinion. I suppose in our society people can virtually say what they like and if it's not derogatory, there's not much we can do about it. I suppose, in a way, it makes me feel good that people say those things about me, but at times it can be a bit embarrassing. But I've had things said about me that weren't all that kind and I admit, that *is* harder to cop.

2.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself some kind of a footballing freak?

LEWIS: Makes me sound like I'm in a kind of a sideshow, doesn't it? I think I'm just lucky to have been at my peak while Queensland and Australia have been achieving a fair amount of success. I probably have had a bit to do with it I suppose, but there's always 12 others and a coach. Nature played a big part in my success and so did luck and destiny.

3.

PLAYBOY: Could you have made it as big in another sport?

LEWIS: I had some ability at cricket, I think. And I love playing golf. But I'd have to be totally honest and say no. That doesn't mean I don't enjoy those other sports.

4.

PLAYBOY: What do you do away from league, when there's no play, no training?

LEWIS: As little as possible, I can tell you. I'm just like any normal bloke who likes to have a few beers with his mates and generally relax. But I don't have too much difficulty relaxing during the off-season, even though these days I find I always have a weight problem during the summer. I'm not a keen trainer, and I must say I admire athletes who train all the year round.

5.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Australians spending the off-season in England are doing themselves harm? Limiting their time at the top, perhaps?

LEWIS: No, I'm not saying that. It depends very much on the individual. But it's certainly not peaches and cream, despite the financial rewards. Let's face it, Australia *is* the best country in the world and substituting an Australian summer for six or seven months in England, freezing your arse off, isn't exactly my cup of tea.

6.

PLAYBOY: Is the modern-day trend of Australians playing in England and France during the off-season, and vice-versa, good for the game at an international level?

LEWIS: Most definitely, and I believe it should be encouraged. However, it shouldn't be overdone. For instance, one English club last season fielded something like seven or

eight overseas players in its top side. I think most people would agree, particularly the English players at that club, that those numbers are far too many.

7.

PLAYBOY: Is there a future for international competition, in light of recent performances from the English and French, in particular?
LEWIS: Definitely, and the New Zealanders have shown that. And England, since being belted by the Kangaroos in '82, have shown they don't like it one bit. The French are a little bit out on their own, I think. Their game will only go ahead if they want it to. When they travel, they don't seem to play well, but when they're at home they show they are a very proud race and they don't like being beaten.

8.

PLAYBOY: How do you view the future of the game in Australia?
LEWIS: It's in a situation it can stay as it is, or it can go ahead, with a bit of a push behind it. That's what we're trying to do at the moment with the schools. I can see my job now, as a schools liaison officer, being handled by as many as 10 people in the years to come. The more you promote something, the more it will develop. And I can see big business soon becoming involved on a bigger scale, even running and owning clubs, in fact.

9.

PLAYBOY: As one of Queensland's most successful players ever, you are obviously paid very well. Are you worth what you get?
LEWIS: I'm not sure. You'd probably have to ask the people who pay me. I suppose they pay me what they think I'm worth, and as I've been getting more each year, those people must think I'm worth more. It's hard to put a gauge on what a rugby league player in Australia is worth, particularly when it's compared to an American gridiron player who runs on just to kick a goal, and he might get a million and a half. But in comparison, what I'm paid is probably not fair when you consider lower grade blokes in Brisbane, who put in as much effort.

10.

PLAYBOY: And in that regard, does sponsorship play an integral part? How necessary are the millions being ploughed in by cigarette and alcohol companies?
LEWIS: It's totally necessary, up here especially, without poker machines. It just wouldn't be possible to get a buck without it. The amount of freight put into the game by Winfield and Fourex is unbelievable.

11.

PLAYBOY: You don't see a conflict there, with alcohol and cigarette companies being involved with the image of young, healthy sportsmen?
LEWIS: Why people bitch about these types of sponsorships is something that has always amazed me. Do they honestly believe people don't have free wills of their own?

12.

PLAYBOY: But aren't these companies using you, as a sportsman, as an avenue to push their product?
LEWIS: Sure. But if these do-gooders want to put up their money, then they could just as easily have the sponsorhip. Until they can do that, I think they should keep their mouths shut. So many people get so much pleasure these days out of watching sport, both in the flesh and on television, and these so-called goody-goody watchdogs are just trying to deprive us of that pleasure. Look, Fourex asked me to promote their beer. It's something I like, so I did it. If it had been Vegemite, or corn flakes, I would have done the same thing.

13.

PLAYBOY: Rugby league is seen as a violent body-contact sport by many. How do you react to that?

Violence in rugby league today is virtually non-existent. Aussie rules seems to have taken over the violent role these days.

LEWIS: A lot of the older brigade say it's not the game it used to be, and they're right. Violence in rugby league today is virtually non-existent. Okay, a bloke might get a smack in the mouth now and again, but that never hurt anyone. Aussie rules seems to have taken over the violent role these days. I don't recall a league referee ever being kicked and knocked over, or an all-in brawl in league before the kick-off!

14.

PLAYBOY: Why did you never go south to Sydney?
LEWIS: I'm quite happy here. One popular player down there says I'd never hack it, that I'd never be able to dedicate myself. I'm not saying whether I would or not. I've enjoyed the success and the lifestyle in Brisbane and I don't know whether I'd have achieved more success if I'd gone to Sydney. A lot of people say I will never produce my best unless I go to Sydney — well, I don't believe that's true.

15.

PLAYBOY: The Queensland Rugby League contracts bind a player to remain in the state for the following year. Do you, or any of the other players, regard those contracts as a restriction of trade?
LEWIS: I certainly don't, and I can't speak for the others. But if they keep signing them, year in, year out, I would expect they have no objections. To be quite truthful, the matter never arises between the players.

16.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a national super league as being part of the game in the near future?
LEWIS: Probably, but it wouldn't surprise me if it didn't. I tend to agree with Ron McAuliffe's suggestion of two big leagues, one based on New South Wales and one based on Queensland. The Queensland competition would become an extension of the Winfield State League and could cater for the developing league states like Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia, and also Papua New Guinea.

17.

PLAYBOY: South Africa is a popular topic at the moment. If there was a rugby league or rugby "circus" tour going to South Africa, and you were offered big money to go, would you?
LEWIS: That's a personal question, I believe. And it's a very tricky one. On the moral issue I'd have to say no, although I don't have any personal feelings one way or the other on what other sportsmen do.

18.

PLAYBOY: How difficult is it now, as a well-known public figure, to have a night out as one of the boys?
LEWIS: The majority of people are pretty good. They just seem to want to say good-day, and that's all. But there's the smart-arse young blokes, the 17 and 18-year-olds, who fancy themselves a bit, and are either trying to impress their mates or their girlfriends. And it only takes one incident with something like that to ruin your night. The thing that amazes me is that it only happens in Australia. In the States, for instance, you are a superstar.

19.

PLAYBOY: So what is in the future for Wally Lewis? There's been talk of politics.
LEWIS: Well yes, that's probably 10 years in the future. I don't think I'll get out of the game completely. I'll probably keep involved in some kind of media work.

20.

PLAYBOY: Will it be hard to leave the hero status behind when you retire, or will that be the easiest part?
LEWIS: I've heard that some blokes haven't been able to accept not being heroes any more. I hope to hell that doesn't happen to me. Quite frankly, there are many times when I don't want that at all.

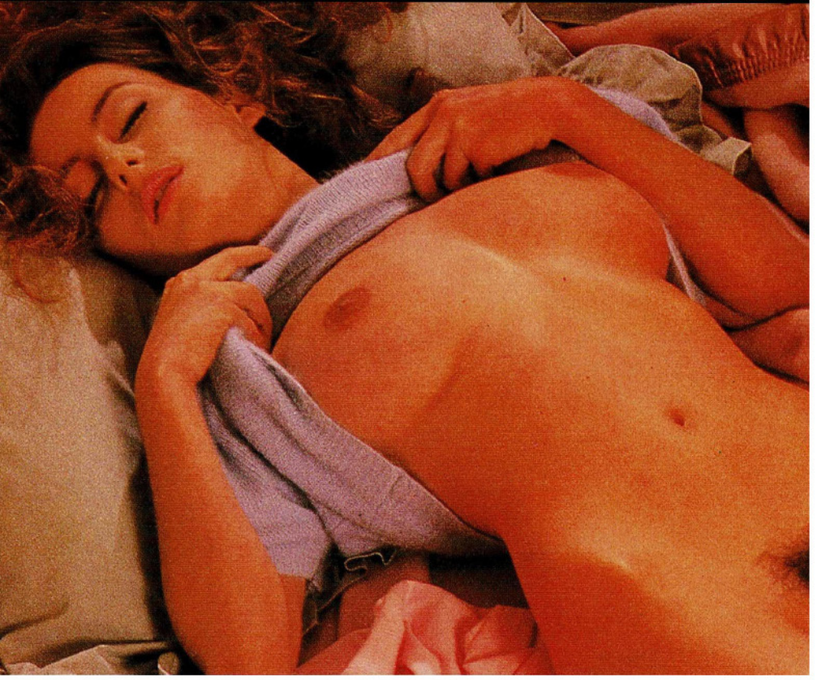
SHORT & SWEET

Shannon Long may not live up to her name, but then we all know that good things come in small packages.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

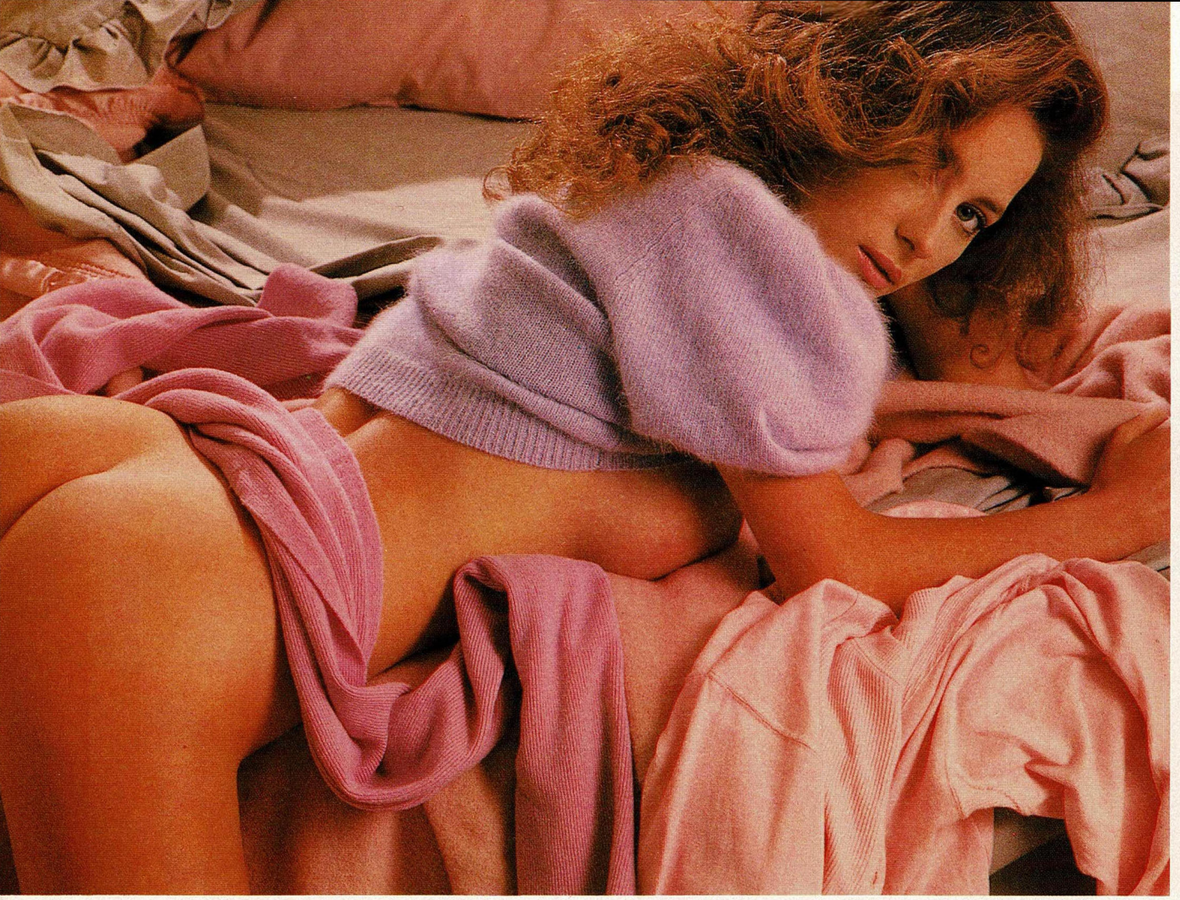
When Shannon Long calls the little NSW township of Ballina home, she means it. She may have only been there for two years, but that's a lifetime to someone who's spent most of her 16 years trekking around the Queensland countryside and up and down the eastern coast wherever her father could find construction work. Yet Shannon's set to pack her bags again, this time for the big smoke and the big-time world of modelling. With her assets, the moguls of advertising and television should come running to her. Shannon knows it's going to be tough, especially measuring in at a cute 5'3", but she faces the prospect of moving like a real trouper. After her first taste of life in the fast

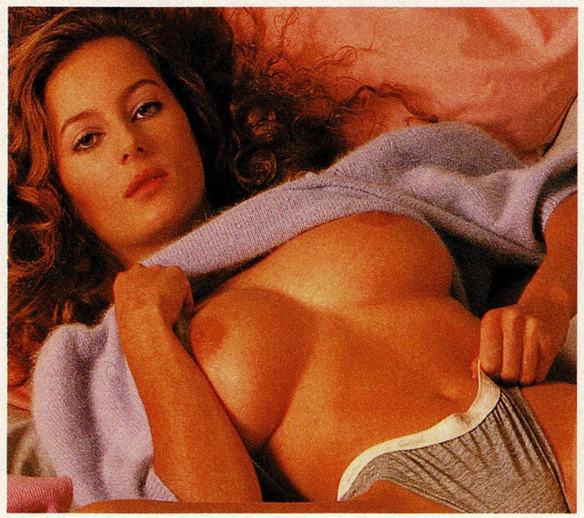
"I'm really into fresh air and the beach and mountains, but I'm still a homebody underneath. I love lazy days just lounging, taking life as it comes."



"I want to keep my natural look. Most women look a lot better, and I feel more comfortable, that way."

lane, under the watchful eye of Australian PLAYBOY photographer Bob Watson, she had a few pert comments: "The days go by at a different pace in and around Ballina. There were so many strange faces in Sydney at first, but I've got to make a start. Appearing in Australian PLAYBOY should be the beginning of a big career." Shannon admits one of her toughest sacrifices will be leaving behind her favorite North Coast beaches. "I spend hours collecting shells and exploring rock caves. And when I get tired of the coast I go into the mountains nearby to a few special waterfalls where the water's clear, the air's clean, and the plants are all beautiful." All that fresh air is bound to keep anyone in good





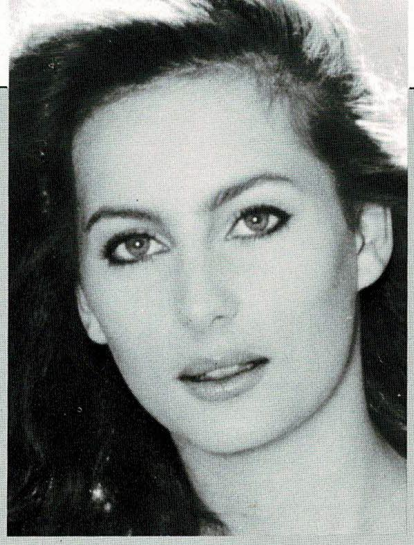
"I get on really well with guys. The most important part of any relationship is to be close as friends, as well as lovers. I don't believe it can work otherwise."

nick, and Shannon stays that way by cycling in the bush every now and again, and swimming almost all the year round. And she's no stranger to jazz ballet. The hardest part about getting into modelling, Shannon reckons, will be giving up the easy-come-easy-go lifestyle she's enjoyed lately. But then it just goes to show what lengths she'll go to in the big city. "I'm not used to life in such a modern place, but I'm prepared to sacrifice my freedom for a bit of fame," she says. And if anyone complains about your height, Shannon, give them the long and the short of it: It's not how tall you are, it's what you stack between the ends that counts!

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Shannon Long



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: SHANNON LEE LONG

BUST: 36" WAIST: 22" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 47 kg

BIRTH DATE: 11-2-69 SIGN: AQUARIUS

AMBITIONS: TO BE SUCCESSFUL IN A MODELLING CAREER, TO ENJOY LIFE AS IT COMES.

TURN-ONS: WARM WEATHER, CAMPING WITH A FRIEND, WALKING THROUGH RAINFORESTS, LIVING BY THE SEA.

TURN-OFFS: CROWDED BEACHES, WARS.

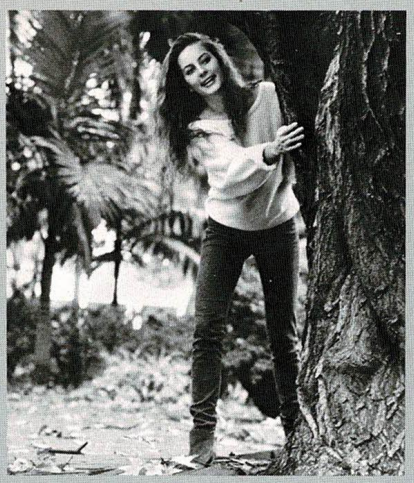
FAVORITE BOOKS: THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP, JENNIE, LORD OF THE RINGS.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: RICHARD GERE, DAVID BOWIE, JOAN COLLINS, GOLDIE HAWN, FREDDY MERCURY.

FAVORITE SPORTS: SWIMMING, CYCLING, WORKING OUT AT GYM.

IDEAL MAN: STRONG, HEALTHY, WARM, SINCERE, GREAT SENSE OF HUMOUR

SECRET FANTASY: SAILING UP AND DOWN THE NORTH COAST FOR A FEW YEARS.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After weeks of doing the rounds of the Hollywood agents, the sexy starlet finally landed on a casting couch and scored herself a bit part in a jungle film.

Before exposing her to the wild beasts she would be working with, the producer arranged for her to meet their tamer cousins at the local zoo.

The first day there she was mauled by a tiger and barely escaped with her life. The next day she was chased round and round an enclosure by a wolf and had to be rescued by one of the keepers.

On the third day, after spending an hour with some particularly odorous gorillas, she staggered back to the studio with her clothing in shreds and her breasts scratched and bleeding.

Falling into a chair she gasped, "Would someone please tell me who I have to sleep with to get *out* of this picture?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alimony* as the screwing you get for the screwing you got.

At a large resort, three honeymoon couples were located in adjacent rooms, all with spacious balconies.

In the first room, the newlyweds were preparing to consummate their marriage. As the woman undressed, the man couldn't help but exclaim how surprised he was that she had such a big arse. With that, she promptly threw him out on to the balcony.

Once outside, he noticed that the guy in the next room was also on his balcony.

"What are you doing out here?" he inquired.

"Well," came the answer, "the wife and I were just getting down to it when I told her I couldn't believe how enormous her legs were. Next thing I know, I'm out here."

The other bloke laughed at the coincidence and related his similar story. They were chatting away when there was a thud on the third balcony and out flew another man. The other two roared laughing.

"Put your foot in it, mate, did you?" they chorused.

"No," he replied, "but I could have!"

Three mates were walking through some paddocks when they came across a sheep with its head stuck in a barbed-wire fence. As one of the blokes patted the sheep's backside he said, "Gee, I wish it was Bo Derek." His friend grinned and said, "I'd rather it was Sophia Loren."

"As for me," the third man muttered, "I just wish it was dark!"

There was a young pirate named Bates
Who danced the fandango on skates.
A fall on his cutlass
Rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

During a marriage guidance session, the wife became absolutely furious with her husband's claims.

"That's a bloody lie!" she shouted to the counsellor. "I *do* enjoy sex. It's just that this animal wants it three or four times a year!"

A young man in cricket creams waddled into the casualty section of a large city hospital. He was in obvious agony.

"What's wrong with you?" a nurse inquired.

"I've got a cricket ball stuck in my rectum," he muttered.

"How's that?" she asked.

"Don't you bloody start too!" came the reply.

The young executive had been waiting a couple of minutes for an elevator in a busy city building. At last the doors opened and a gorgeous young blonde was standing alone in the lift.

"Going down?" she enquired in a lovely, husky voice.

"B. . . but. . . we've only just met!" he immediately replied.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Remember those carefree days when we used to whistle and sing on the way to work?"

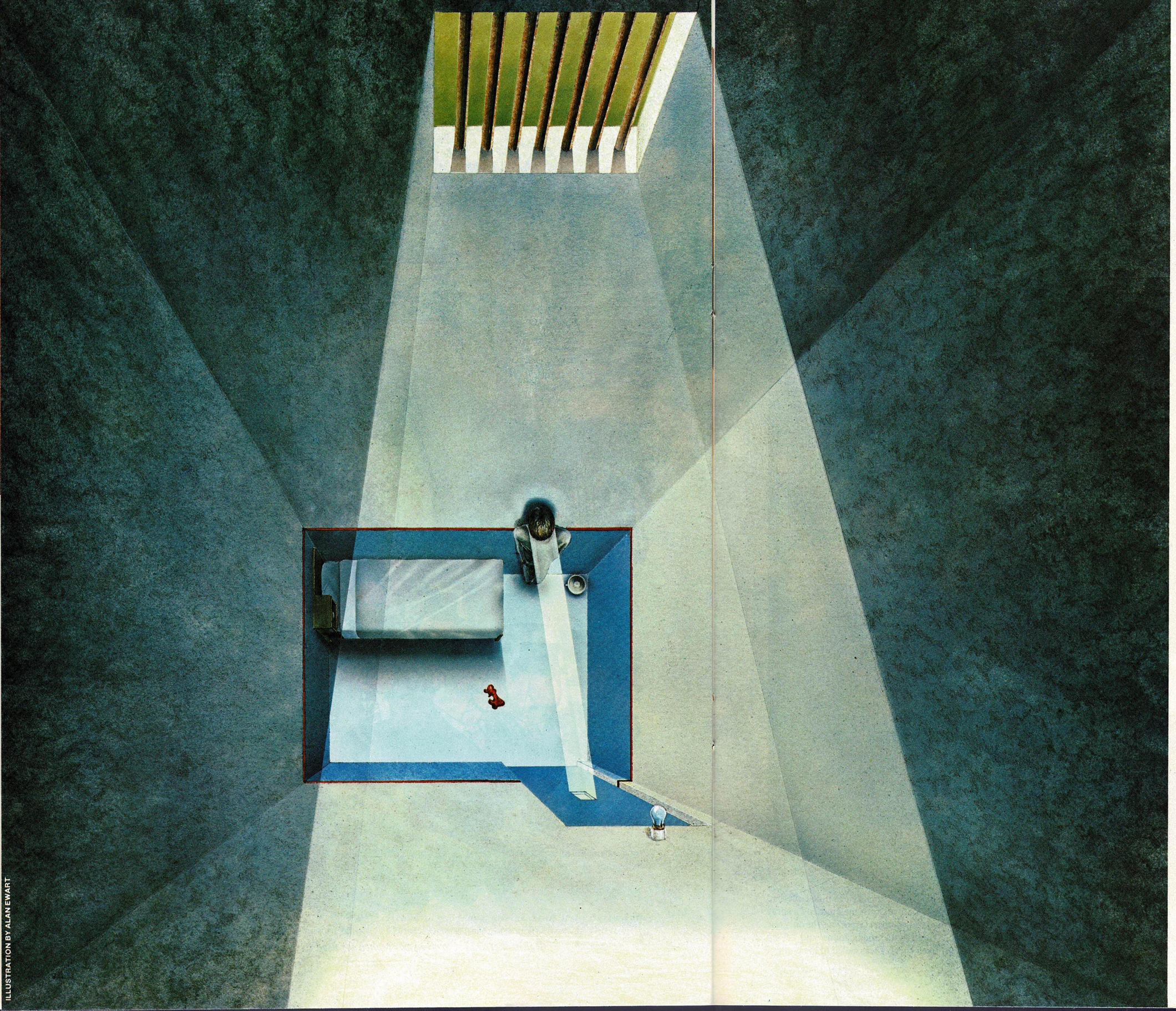


ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EWART

A Solitary Man

Peter Schneidas concludes his horrifying indictment of the Australian prison system.

The story so far:** In last month's chilling instalment of* **A Solitary Man,** ***Peter Schneidas entered Kenworth Boys' Home as a 16-year-old minor offender. His boyish spirit was nearly crushed by relentless discipline, plus a couple of vicious bashings followed by solitary confinement. Part Two opens with Schneidas recovering from his latest dose of corrective education. Names and places have been changed for legal reasons.

I HAD TROUBLE opening my eyes. I was still in solitary. There were large splatters of blood over me and the floor but no jug of water to clean myself up with. The smell of my own blood made me want to throw up.

I started to yell abuse at the screws and, picking up the piece of steel they'd made me scrape the bars with, I threw it around the cell, gouging great chunks out of the floor and walls. It wasn't until I'd worn myself out that I stopped, sinking to the floor with exhaustion. I started to feel sorry for myself but quickly switched it off. This was better than "Yes sir, no sir, may I report, left wheel, right wheel." I was in solitary making my own decisions and as disastrous as they were, they were *mine*. In here I made the rules and the flogging was my payment for the privilege.

I began pacing the cell again, taking short, hurried steps. My lunch hadn't come so I screamed abuse at anyone who might be able to hear me, demanding to be fed. I didn't want to think anymore. I was kicking the inner grille door, over and over, and it brought the screws running — three of them. When the outer door opened I braced myself for another flogging, but this time they made no move to come into my world.

Grant spoke quietly through the bars. "Well, have you got over your tantrum yet?"

I said nothing but anger stirred inside me. He saw it only as a tantrum. "You fool," I thought. He had absolutely no idea of the hate he was nurturing in me.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"NO!" I spat.

"Well, if you do get hungry, here's some food." He placed a dixie on the floor outside

the barred door. "You'll have to wake up to yourself, young Schneidas."

I looked at the dixie on the floor — curried stew and rice and no knife or fork to eat it with. I was hungry so I ate with my fingers, leaning through the bars and spilling as much as I ate, scooping food off the floor.

●

It was morning, or rather I assumed it was morning. The night sounds had changed into those of a new day. Doors slamming, feet stamping, the shouting of order after order, the acidic smell of the shit tubs as they were slopped out near the cell block. I slowly paced the cell flexing my muscles to make sure that nothing was broken. My body was racked with pain and badly bruised but nothing appeared to be broken.

The doors were never opened normally. They were always flung open with a suddenness and lack of warning that caused the back of your mind to be on constant alert. When the outer door flew open I was half prepared for it and for what might follow but when Grant and another screw saw the mess of the cell, the huge holes in the concrete and the scraps from last night's meal, they entered and left without speaking. Not a word about breakfast but never mind. I'd survived the night.

At lunchtime Grant and Tidman enter the cell. "Look," Grant says, "go back to scraping the bars and you can come out in two hours."

"YES, SIR," I shout back and immediately resume the scraping. So much for my convictions about strength and winning personal battles. My need to be with other people is greater than questions of pride. After what seems to be a short lifetime, a screw takes me from the cell and to Grant's office. He's sitting behind his desk reading a large file with my name on it.

"Well, young Schneidas," he says, "you've managed to disrupt the whole institution in a matter of two days. There are 17 other inmates here and none of them have managed to do what you have in such a short time."

"NO, SIR," I respond and even though I want to be back with the others, I feel quietly proud. It hasn't been a complete defeat after all.

"You can resume normal activity and the 10 point bounce is scrubbed. This is to give you a clean slate. What you do now is up to you."

"THANK YOU, SIR." I'm overjoyed.

"How are you managing with the rope plaiting," he asks.

"NOT VERY WELL, SIR."

"Well, every inmate starts off plaiting rope. You're intelligent and if you give me two weeks of excellent behavior, I'll put you on to making millet brooms. No one makes them at the moment and it's a one-man operation. Do you think you can handle it?"

"YES, SIR."

"I've been going through your file and I'm impressed by your ability at correspondence school. You seem to be able to work well by yourself and that's why I'm considering you for the millet broom job."

"YES, SIR," I shout. Maybe things will start going well.

"All right, Schneidas, report to Mr Tidman in the dining room." I'm dismissed.

●

The two weeks that I agreed to behave for passed uneventfully, my one concern being not to become like the others, not in my head, at least. I started getting plus points for getting undressed quickly, folding blankets properly and marching well. True to his word, Grant called me to his office and took me off the rope plaiting and gave me the new job of making the millet brooms.

Within my first three weeks, two inmates were sent to other places. We never knew where anyone was going when they left or what happened to them afterwards. They just disappeared into another part of the system. Two new receptions arrived, taking some of the heat off me. They copped it like we all did but the anxiety was always there in their faces.

The doctor entered the cage and, seeing my bruised body, asked if I was all right. I ignored him. He was one of them.

Like me, they couldn't believe what was happening to them or understand what they'd done to deserve this kind of harsh, inhuman treatment.

Life had started to tick over smoothly, or as smoothly as it was ever likely to here, but it didn't last long and disaster surfaced the following Saturday.

Every Saturday morning we had to spring-clean the whole institution. With 10 others, I was on my hands and knees scrubbing the workshed. We'd scrub the whole area and wash the soap off with buckets of water. I was standing in line behind Johnson, waiting to fill my bucket. He was day-dreaming so I whispered out of the corner of my mouth for him to hurry up. Johnson had learnt well. His hand shot up.

"MAY I REPORT, SIR, THAT SCHNEIDAS IS TALKING TO ME, SIR."

"I wasn't fucking talking to you, you fucking red-hot." I'm about to land a punch on Johnson's nose but a screw comes between us.

"Report to the grille, Schneidas!"

"BUT I DIDN'T SAY A WORD, SIR."

"Did you hear me? Report to the grille! Move!"

I run to the front gate and report.

●

The cage was freshly painted, ready for some more scraping, but it'd have to wait for someone else. I wasn't going to do it. I sprawled out on the floor, using my jumper as a pillow. I lay there staring at the ceiling, not daring to think, letting the cold bitterness of the boob cell do its work.

They came back at lunch-time and ordered me to get up and do some scraping. I ignored them. Who were these people anyway? What god gave them the right to treat me or anyone like this? The outer door slammed shut. My lunch had been left on the floor outside the bars of the cell but I didn't touch it. I didn't need food where I was.

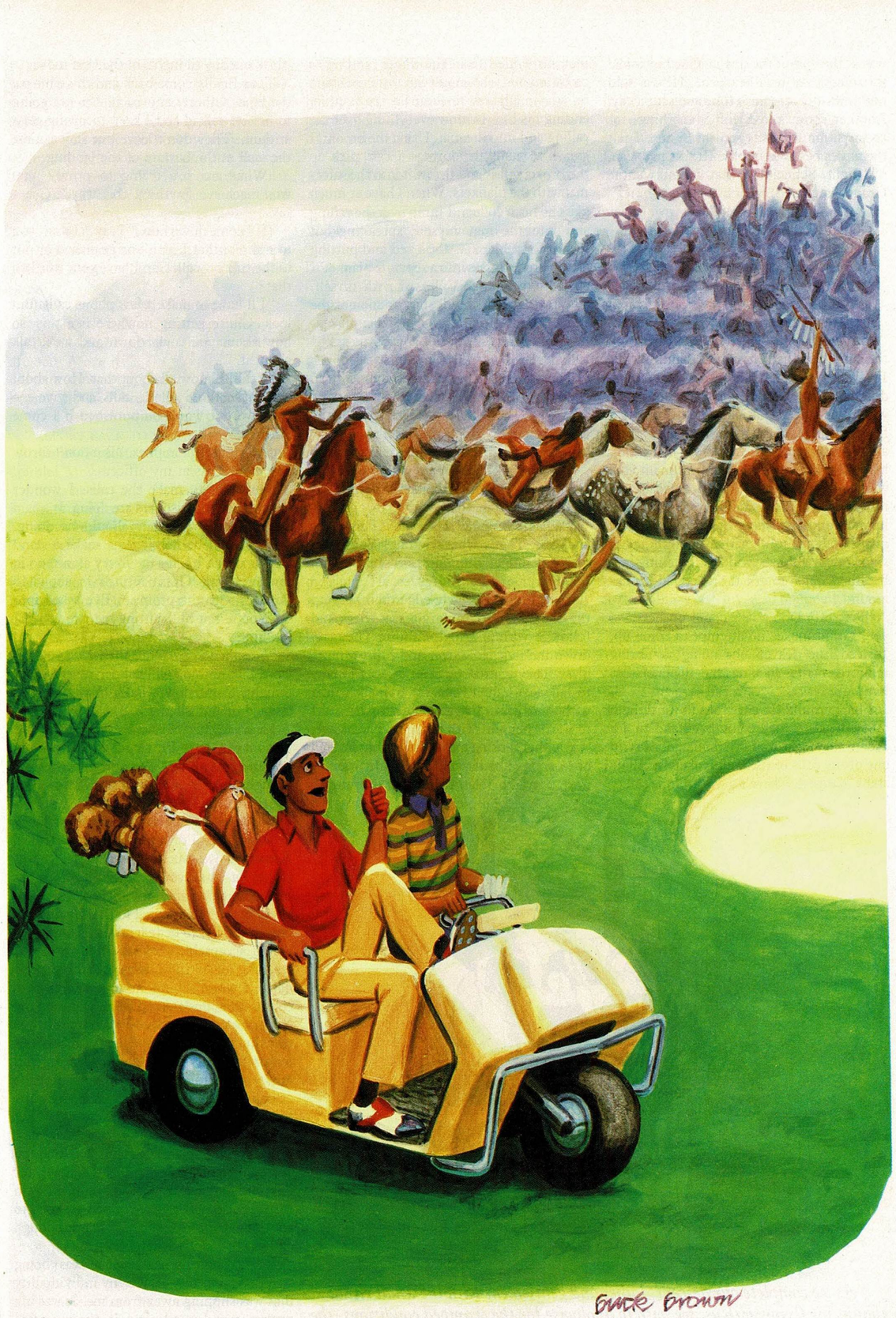
At dinner-time they came to me again, and again they tried to order me to my feet. They retreated and the dinner dixie was left next to my untouched lunch. A short time later, they came back, this time with a doctor. He entered the cage and, seeing my bruised body, asked if I was all right. I ignored him. He was one of them. He picked up my right leg, checked my reflexes and let it drop to the floor. I'd gone limp and made no attempt to stop it falling to the floor. I kept staring at the ceiling. He shone a torch into both of my eyes and examined me in silence. They left.

It was a game for me, at first. I hoped that they'd take me out of here and send me to a hospital or somewhere better than this. I wasn't a pretty picture but I'd continue until I got a result. I didn't know then how dangerous games like that can be, how easily they can slip away from you and demand their own reality like a precocious child demanding his independence.

I slept until they came with breakfast. They still didn't get a response from me, nor did they seem to be looking for one. I was beginning to like this game. They left me alone. Just before lunch they came again but this time I was told to move out and report to the workshed. I was out. But why? What were they up to now? I hadn't done any scraping nor did I have to report to the gate. There had to be a catch.

At recreation I looked at the others playing games, reading books, making beanies, and I thought they had to be kidding. A screw was sitting on a bench having a smoke and a cup of tea and as I watched him sip it, I willed him to drop dead before my eyes. If there was a merciful God, I reasoned, He would grant me this wish. I promised Him that I'd obey His every command. All He had to do was to strike this bastard sipping his tea dead. I was suddenly very lonely.

The doctor who had examined me had put me on tablets of some kind and a spray for my swollen nose. Grant was the only one who could issue medications and, along with five others, I was called to the clinic. I



"There's that tough hole I was telling you about."

was at the end of the queue. One boy asked for something for a headache. He was told not to waste everyone's time and sent away. Another boy asked for something for constipation and was sent away too. I felt the anger begin to bubble. It was my turn.

"Right, Schneidas, what do you want?" Grant demanded.

"MY MEDICATION, SIR."

"What's the medication for?"

"FOR MY NOSE, SIR."

"What's wrong with your nose?"

"IT'S BROKEN, SIR."

"Who broke it?"

"THE OFFICERS DID." I've had enough. "You fucking shit!" I shout and run out of the clinic. I've had enough of their bullshit. I run through the kitchen and find an open door leading outside. I run around the wing with Grant chasing me but I'm much fitter than he is so I easily outrun him. I run a full circle around the whole institution before I find myself cornered. I run into the wing and up the stairs. I can hear Grant still running around outside. The thumping of his feet and his heavy breathing are loud intrusions on the silence of the building. I stand near a huge window catching my breath. Grant enters the wing and looks around.

"Piss off! Don't you come up here," I yell. Grant makes no attempt to come up. Instead, he leaves the wing to bring reinforcements, locking the door behind him.

I look around for a weapon to ward them off with when they come back and find a broom that looks as if it'll do the job. I strip one of the cells of its five blankets, a pillow and a mattress. There's a woven rope safety mat suspended from the upper landing to catch anyone who might fall from the stairs or who might try to jump in the hope of ending his life. I throw everything over the railing and into the mat. Using the broom, I smash as many windows as I can, pick up the broken glass and throw it into the safety mat with the blankets. When I have as much glass as I can collect, I jump over the railing and into the mat myself, spreading out some of the blankets for a bed and putting all the broken glass into a separate blanket. I am comfortable and pleased with myself. The real fireworks will start as soon as the screws show up.

"Don't come up here, you bastards!" I yell.

The sight of all the broken glass and me in my home-made bed takes them a bit by surprise. Grant and a screw start up the stairs.

"Keep away from me!" I shout.

They stop. "Look, Peter, what's wrong?" Grant asks so nicely that butter wouldn't melt.

"What's wrong?" I shout. "This place and you. That's what's wrong! You don't get any more of your 'Yes, sir, no, sir' from me!"

They begin to slowly edge their way up the stairs. I hurl some glass at them and follow it with a string of abuse. They run down the stairs for cover and I throw more glass. They scatter. Grant tries occasionally to talk to me but I answer him each time with more glass. I've got enough of the stuff to ward them off with for ages. They leave.

Another fucking mess, I think, but instead of worrying about what they might attempt next, I try to relax for a time, hoping to block out any thoughts of the next move.

They finally come back and this time try the kind, fatherly approach. I'm not going to be soft-talked and I keep throwing glass at them. They don't leave but stay against the wall at the bottom of the landing.

"What are you trying to prove? You won't achieve anything this way," Grant says.

"If I come down now," I say, "I want you to promise that I won't be punished or put in the solitary cell. Can I have your word on that?"

"I'll have to make a few phone calls. But look, you're getting nowhere like this, so how about you come down and we'll talk about it?"

"Yeah, I know all about that. How about you make those phone calls and give me your word I won't be punished if I come down?"

"All right," he replies. "But don't throw any more glass at my officers."

He leaves to make the calls. I wonder what the other prisoners are doing. It's 3am and I know what they should be doing. They should be helping me make a stand but, as usual, it's for me to try alone and in my own way. Grant returns in about 15 minutes with the promises I've asked for.

"You're not bullshitting me, are you?" I ask him.

"I can't do any more than give you my word that nothing will happen as a result of tonight. Come down, Peter. You won't be flogged or punished."

I leave my bed of glass and rope and stand in front of Grant. I'm searched, taken to my cell and locked up. The other inmates are brought into the wing and settled down for the night.

If I could be sure that Grant would keep his word, then I'd won a substantial victory. Kenworth was such an evil place. It was eating at me, consuming me until its destruction became my driving force. I hated it as I was starting to hate myself. I'd been sent here to be rearranged. I was to be taught acceptable behavior. Kenworth was teaching me all right. It was teaching me to hate. It was teaching me to abandon love, compassion, understanding. It was teaching me to be cruel, compulsive, bitter. It was teaching me how to suspend my sense of self to survive, how to escape into fantasy and how to play mind games with the establishment. I was overwhelmed by the things that happened here every day. That they happened every day seemed to make them commonplace. Abuse people often and consistently, repeat that abuse day after day, and the severity of it all becomes lost in the repetition. They say you can get used to anything if you're exposed to it long enough and that's exactly what I feared.

It was my humanity that was being stripped from me. It was my individuality that was slipping away from me. It was my privacy that I was losing. It was my pride that I'd already lost. And I cast blame; how

"As we complete our descent, ladies and gentlemen, with the usual ritual thanks for flying with us, we wish to apologise for the cramped conditions, the mediocre food, and the insensitivity of some of our staff."

I cast blame! I blamed the Johnsons of this world, the family doctors, the screws, the police, the magistrates, you and your next-door neighbor. You could have stopped it. Instead you were too busy, wrapped up in your own little world chasing the buck or being do-gooders. What about us? What about me in here? Your silence made me hate you.

●

I hear footsteps and steel on steel as the cell door is opened. A screw greets me with a shout.

"Face the back wall, Schneidas!"

"YES, SIR," I shout, running quickly.

"About turn! Run down the stairs and get dressed! Move it!"

I run down, tripping on the last step, hoping that he'll break his neck on the way down. I dress as quickly as I can.

"REPORT BACK TO YOU, SIR!"

"Right! Report to the grille! On the double! Move!"

I do as he says and once more find myself in Grant's office.

"Now, regarding last night," he begins. "I don't want a repeat of it, ever! Do you understand! I have to make a report of the incident to head office and it might mean a bit longer for you in here, young Schneidas. Get the picture?"

"YES, SIR," I reply.

"For the time being you'll resume normal work. I intend to keep my word to you and you'll go unpunished. But remember, one foot out of place and you'll find yourself in solitary and you won't be spending a mere 24 hours there next time. Understand? Report to Mr Jones in the brush shop."

He dismisses me.

In the brush shop, I'm put to work on the millet brooms. While I've been away, everyone has been told of a competition. For half a day, starting after lunch, everyone will try to break the highest quota recorded for their particular job. The winners will be given five Easter eggs donated by the local grocer. It takes me half a day to make one broom but I'm sure I could do three times that many if I wanted to.

"I want to see some effort," Jones is saying as he explains the details to me.

"YES, SIR," I shout, already tasting the eggs.

After lunch, I'm given enough millet and broom handles to last me a week. By the end of the day I've finished seven brooms and, as we're lined up in the workshed ready for dinner, Grant reads out the winners. I accept my eggs with a smile, thinking, "Stuff that one", but saying "THANK YOU", as I fall back into line.

After the meal we're allowed to eat the eggs. As I'm eating mine I think about the amount of work that went into them and the taste of sweet chocolate turns bitter in my mouth. I can only taste the sweat of my labor and the hate that produced it.

During the recreation period after dinner, the screws decide that they want to watch some sport on TV and we must watch it too instead of playing table tennis or doing hobby work. A kid wants to watch the news but is told to shut up or be locked up. I can't contain myself.

"EXCUSE ME PLEASE, SIR," I say. "MAY I ASK IF WE CAN WATCH THE NEWS, PLEASE SIR?"

"Are you being smart, Schneidas?" Webb shouts. "Sit down and shut up."

I sit down and fiddle with the book that I have to take to my cell with me.

"I can't hear you!" Webb shouts.

I don't move.

"Schneidas, get to your feet when I'm talking to you! I didn't hear you report to me," he says, his voice filled with the threat of authority under siege.

"MAY I REPORT, SIR, THAT YOU TOLD ME TO SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP, SIR!"

"You cheeky bastard!" he shouts, moving towards me, his hand raised as if to strike.

I run to the back of the dining room, pushing two of the other kids off their stool. I pick it up and smash a window, grab a long sliver of glass and run towards the screw. I don't want to hurt him, just get him to leave me alone. He leaves the dining room and the screw with him backs away to the far side of the room. Not a sound comes from the other inmates. I don't think they realise what it is I'm reacting to, nor what part they're expected to play. A little Aboriginal kid says to me, "Do you want any help, Peter?"

I'm surprised. One guy prepared to do anything.

"Suit yourself," I say, swinging around to face the others. "Is there anyone else prepared to do something?"

No one speaks. In a matter of minutes the room is full of screws. There are only five of them, but it seems when they pour through the door that the flow is endless.

I laugh inside myself, feeling strange. Disintegrating. I'm powerless among this bunch of screws.

Grant rushes in and orders me to put the glass down.

"You bastards will belt me if I do!"

"We'll belt you if you don't!"

"Get fucked!" I shout, tears of anger streaking my face. I sit in the corner on a stool.

Two of them start to edge towards me, carrying a blanket between them as if they're about to bag an animal. I've no intention of hurting anyone. I want all of them to just leave me alone. The sight of the two screws with their blanket sends the futility of my whole situation rushing over me in waves. I offer no resistance and Grant takes the glass from my hands. As soon as I'm disarmed, they attack, hitting and kicking me from all directions. I feel blow after blow explode on to my body, each one finding its mark more easily than the last, as what little fight I have left dissolves into pools of helplessness. I'm dragged feet first to the solitary cell, my head bouncing on the concrete and hitting on steps and corners.

●

Time drags on and on. The cell grows colder and the light that's been on all night pierces my eyes like sharp needles. What do they want of me? Do they want me to cringe? Do they want me to show remorse?

"Yeah," I shout, "let me out of here and I'll sign the sorry book."

(continued on page 104)

"Give me tens, twenties, and any literature you have on estate planning!"

Brews From Abroad

Richard Beckett tracks down the best imported beers.

ALTHOUGH WE'RE NOT at the top of the international beer-drinking league, there's no doubt the amber fluid does arouse considerable passion in the breasts of its many Aussie fans. Wild state rivalries, for one thing, with Queenslanders shouting the merits of Fourex and Victorians being quietly and smugly superior about the quality of frosty Foster's.

And, until quite recently, Australians *did* by and large stick to the beer of their birthplace. To switch would have been regarded as treason. However, following a lot of aggressive marketing by a number of companies, the barriers started to break down a couple of years back. Foster's, for example, is now found in just about every far-flung corner of the globe, with Queensland's Fourex (at least in its tinned form) not all that far behind. South Australia's Cooper's sparkling ale also has a certain social cachet as a sort of thinking man's beer (mainly because, like champagne, it is bottle fermented).

It's also expensive which, as any fool knows, helps the social standing of anything. Or, to use the reverse argument, if the poor can afford it, it's got to be nasty.

But on the whole, beer didn't really have any social standing at all. It was a drink for trouble-making unionists and graduates from the fruity muscat set. Well, thanks to the import-export business, matters have changed once again and beer now has gained some social standing, just as long as, mind you, it is *imported*. And to be perfectly frank, I was quite staggered when I started beer browsing and discovered the variety of brands now available on the Australian market.

In fact we've now got a beer for every occasion and for damn near any time of day. Added to that, we can now match beers and foods with some exactitude.

In this sampling I haven't by any means tried every brew that has managed to reach these shores. Nor have I gone out of my way to search out totally obscure offerings that are imported by extremely small firms and which can be bought only on the fourth Friday of every third month or during an eclipse of the sun (well, with one exception: I couldn't quite resist a Chinese beer).

Most of the beers come in half bottles that contain between 330 and 350ml. Prices vary, but I found none under $1. The most I paid was $1.50 for an English brew, Newcastle Brown Ale. If desperate you might have to pay twice those prices at other outlets. Almost all of the beers state their alcoholic content (normally around five percent) so it is fairly easy to work out value for money between the competing brands.

The one drawback to testing was that many came in what Americans call a six-pack (most of them being designed for the United States market). We poor little people are very much second fiddle. So you've got to buy half a dozen at one hit or forget the experiment.

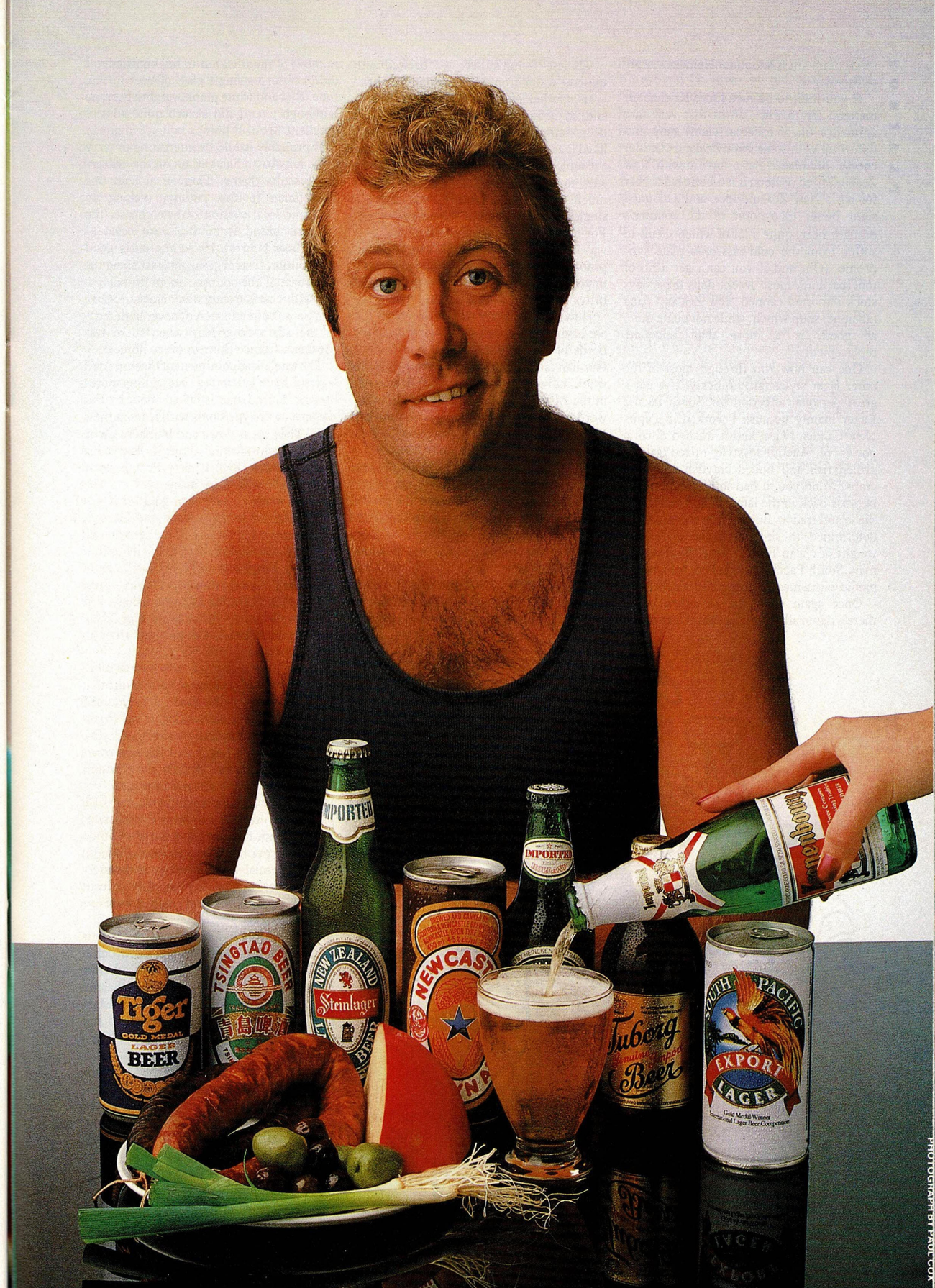
Before I get on to the individual beers, it should be pointed out that those from the countries of the Pacific basin are very similar in taste. Most of them are lagers and very light flavored. That's because most of the Pacific breweries were established by travelling Dutch master brewers who came out with the spice traders and stayed around to get the locals boozed on something other than palm toddy. So if after sampling half a dozen different bottles you decide that they all taste like bloody Heineken, you're not far off the mark.

Anyway, to start with Heineken, which is being aggressively marketed in this country at present, it's a very light, straw-colored lager with an alcoholic content of five percent. It slots into the expensive end of the price spectrum.

Years ago I used to drink a power of it when I was working in Hong Kong, and it is certainly a very agreeable beer for hot and muggy weather. Because it is very light in taste, it can be wiped off the face of the earth by extremely spicy foods. I tested it against a dish of corned beef and carrots with parsley sauce and found that it coped nicely.

Likewise it goes well with Dutch cheeses such as Edam and Gouda. It can also quite obviously cope with Dutch pickled herrings and rollmops. But unless you're using it as an expensive sluice, don't mix it with curry dishes, although it will marry with some of those Dutch-Indonesian dishes such as rijst-tafel, nasi goreng and the excellent peanut-sauced gado gado salad. In other words, it's worthwhile carting a six-pack of Heineken when you visit your next Indonesian restaurant.

Close in taste to Heineken is a New Zealand number. It's Steinlager, has five percent alcohol and cost me more than $1 a bottle. I must admit that I was hard pressed to tell the two apart, and so all of the prior



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL COX

food comments made about Heineken apply to Steinlager.

If you want to be even more Kiwi about matters, try to track down that very rare animal, a tin of toheroa (clam) soup and follow up with some New Zealand cheddar cheese. Steinlager's also terrific with New Zealand fried oysters; it is a basic lager beer for basic New Zealand food and a damned sight better than some of the country's draught beer, quite a lot of which seems to suffer from the cold-piss-on-a-plate syndrome. (Oh, and if you can't get a tin of toheroa soup, most decent delis these days stock imported canned New Zealand paua (abalone) soup which, while not being quite as good, is a more than adequate replacement.)

One can now run through most of the other lager styles fairly quickly. I've got a great personal affection for South Pacific Lager mainly because I worked in Papua New Guinea twice, and it washed down a power of Australian-style mixed salads, grilled fish and boiled crayfish and mud crabs. Mind you, it had some competition, because back in the late '50s and early '60s, the island traders Burns Philp seemed to be determined to sink the place under the weight of cheap French wine. Be that as it may, South Pacific's a fine beer for a beach picnic with a mess of unpretentious seafood.

Once again using the Heineken mark, there's damn all difference, but it *is* cheaper.

Chinese Tsingtao beer — "brewed with mineral water from the Laoshan Springs" — is another one of the cheaper offerings and, at 355ml, had the most liquid of all beers sampled. I drank it in Hong Kong, liked it as a fire-quencher in one Indian and a couple of Indonesian-Malay restaurants and, to be perfectly frank, never thought much more about it until I ran across a single can of it in a large department store. For me it was a drink of nostalgia, but as it was being sold by the single can, it would probably be an amusing addition to a mixed imported dozen if you were thinking of throwing a bash of that nature.

However, for sheer beer wankery, if you are having an imported night, get hold of a bottle of Kronenbourg. And no, it is not German (although the old Prussian Empire would have disputed that point). It is made in the Alsatian city of Strasbourg. In other words, it's a Froggy beer. How about that? Bugger French wines. Give them French amber.

At 5.2 percent alcohol it was one of the strongest beers tasted, although not in the flavor division. It probably was the purest lager of the lot and it was a long way from being the most expensive. And as a pure European lager style, it has my absolute recommendation.

As to what food you'd take with it, I have to admit that I'm buggered if I know. I was in France about a million years ago for a number of months, but to my knowledge I didn't absorb a single glass of beer in that time. Red and white plonk, yes, but beer, no (although later I did absorb quite a lot of excellent Spanish beer).

It probably would be interesting to serve a French-Australian variant on the cheese-and-biscuits theme. There is at least one Frenchman in this country making an excellent local version of brie cheese (the Unicorn brand from the south coast of NSW near Nowra). He's got a fairly good distribution system going, at least along the east coast of the country. As to biscuits, to hell with Carr's trendy water crackers. Give 'em Saos ("often buttered, never bettered", as the ads used to say when there was Mother's Choice flour in every home).

The total disappointment of the imported lagers I have left to last. Now, Singapore-brewed Tiger Lager is talked about by Far Eastern navy-type Poms with tears in their eyes. They break down and blubber as soon as they begin to think about it. And a Far Eastern spotty British navy Pom is not a pretty sight with tears in his eyes.

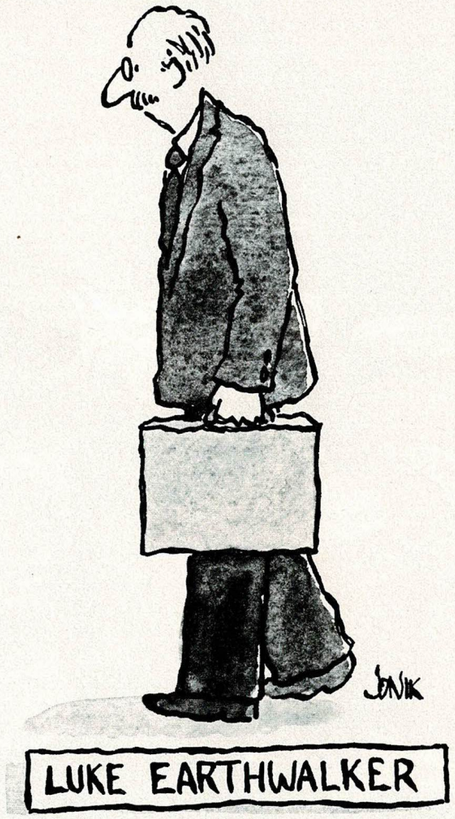
Well, it might have won gold medals at some stage in London, Paris and Geneva, but I cannot for the life of me see what all the fuss is about. Anyway, if author Anthony Burgess is to be believed, one of the great fictional drunks of all time — one Nabby Adams, in the Malayan trilogy, *The Long Day Wanes* — didn't drink Tiger at all. He drank Anchor. I'd put my trust in Nabby Adams.

So I'm not giving you anything at all to eat with your Tiger Lager. You can drink it down the back of the yard all by yourself and babble about the sinking of the *Prince Of Wales* and the fall of Singapore. The quality of Tiger Lager and the two other shameful events in British Far Eastern history are perhaps not unconnected.

That's the lager package. In the beers I'll plump any time for (no, not Carlsberg) Tuborg from Denmark at a dollar and then something per bottle (the six-pack I bought was on special so I'm being deliberately inexact here), standing at 5.3 percent alcohol per volume and with a curious, splendidly smoky taste.

Now there's no question that this beer is all about open-faced Danish sandwiches and ice-cold vodka. The vodka can either be plain or one of the herbed varieties that are becoming increasingly available in Australia. Or you can be very Dutch/Danish and take it with a glass of schnapps followed by a Tuborg.

As for the combination to pile on open sandwiches, I'm very fond of smoked salmon on rye with a sprinkling of dill. And to digress slightly here, use unsalted butter for a change; you will be surprised how delicate the "sandwiches" become. Other good combinations are prawns in real mayonnaise, rare roast beef with horseradish and asparagus tips, slices of smoked eel, and hard-boiled egg slices with mayonnaise and lumpfish roe (Danish caviar to you). But don't turn each open sandwich into a taste shambles. Use just one main ingredient and a couple of garnishes.



I might say that as long as you've got a bit of spare cash, these sandwiches are dreadfully easy to make. I've always said that one of the great secrets of painless entertaining if you are single is a first-class deli. I am one who has never mourned the passing of the old ham and beef shop with its boiled chickens, lumps of corned beef, cheeses that passed as mild and tasty (depending on the tastebuds of the shop's owner) and a nasty pink gelatinous thing which went by the name of brawn.

As a final note on the sandwich business, *proper* dill cucumbers make an excellent garnish. But beware the Australian gherkin in vinegar. It has no place at all in this repast.

Now to the dark beers. Once again a couple of million light years ago, when I was working in London, I had two great beer loves apart from Bass bitter drawn off the wood. The first was India Pale Ale, which was developed as a specific beer for the Indian Army, and the other was Newcastle Brown Ale.

In this sampling I was unable to track down India Pale Ale, but I did find the latter brew. Newcastle Brown is one of those beers that is more than Australian "old", less than a porter (or a black and tan if you drink in a pub that hasn't got an Irish publican), but at the same time has stoutish overtones.

In the snack food division, it is one of those brews that will fight back and hold its own with pickled onions in brown malt vinegar. It is a bare-knuckle member of the beer fraternity.

I also remember being told (on no authority whatsoever, I must add) that there was such a being as a special Newcastle Brown Ale Alcoholic. I have a very strong suspicion that this story is a load of orchestra stalls, but after you've managed to down your tenth of the things it does seem to make some sort of sense. (Doesn't everything after the tenth pint?)

Apart from cheese and pickled onions, Newcastle Brown goes very well with a cold boiled hand of pickled pork. Now I've no intention of telling any of you how to cook a hand of pickled pork. But I will give you a wink and a nod in the right direction. No city girl can cook it. Find a country mother, matron or, in fact, a country female of any age. She will cook it for you if you behave in a reasonably decent fashion. But if you behave like a scumbag, she won't. And that will serve you right.

Newcastle Brown Ale is to a hand of pickled pork what lager is to a fine piece of corned beef. There are two beer and meat symphonies going there; or, in other words, one of the great food and booze marriages. By the way, being Pommy, Newcastle Brown is a bit mean on the alcohol: 4.5 percent. Still, you can't have everything.

Now one gets to the stouts. This is a "vexed" area because the Great God Of All The Black Beers, the feared and famous fighting Guinness, is now made in Australia.

On a blind tasting I'm damned if I could tell the difference between it and Carlton United's Sheaf Stout. The chief brewer at Tooheys would doubtless disagree, but I cannot help that. I can't tell the damned difference, and that's all there is to it.

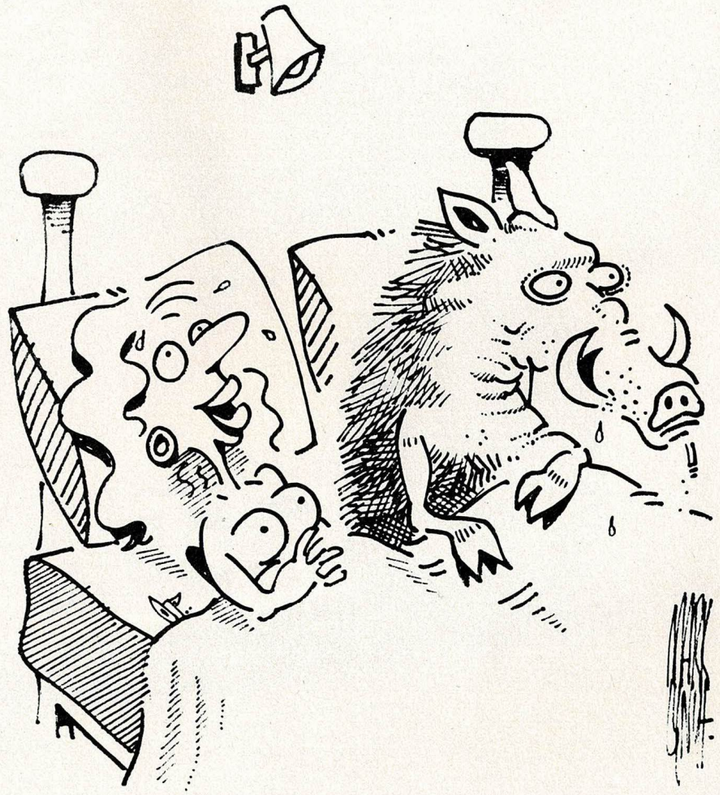
Food combinations? Pure picnic. Cold pork pie, cold veal and ham pie, fresh oysters on the shell, cold baked ham and cold rabbit (but not liver) terrine. Really black beer or stout is best taken at the fag end of a dreadful, drippingly wet and cold spring morning after you've stumped around the bush looking for kindling and you are *fed up*, you understand, *fed up*. The Irish drink it all the time, but then we all know about the Irish.

Percipient readers will, by this juncture, have discovered that I have not mentioned a single American beer. I haven't and I won't. Although I've drunk a power of canned and bottled fluids that that race claims to be beer I would absolutely deny the fact. The Americans make a sort of fizzy, tinted water which makes even Tiger Lager appear to take on the coloration of Mumm's Cordon Rouge (my favorite champagne).

Now, turning very briefly to our own domestic product, in contrast to Newcastle Brown and Guinness on the one hand and New Zealand's Steinlager on the other, our beers are, well, beers. Much like Australians, they are very middle of the road. You won't get the communism of Tsingtao nor the Prussian (well, ex-Prussian) purity of Kronenbourg. They've also got a lot more gas in them (outside of Cooper's, that is). As any dimwit knows they go splendidly with the great Aussie barbecue. But they also go equally well with some of our cheddar style cheeses.

And anyway I have no doubt that most readers have already worked out what they like to drink their favorite beer with in the eating department. However, a couple of tips. If you've never done it, next time try a *domestic* stout with your plate of rock oysters, a Fourex with a Queensland mud crab and, curious as it may seem, a Reschs Pilsener with a thick grilled fillet of Queensland reef fish (for my taste, sweetlips, although groper will do at a pinch). Reschs is probably the best beer for Chinese food of any description and as a washing fluid for an Indonesian/Malay curry.

But for God's sake have a glass of red wine with your hot slices of rare roast beef. Beer can cope with many things, but certainly not rare, hot beef.



"You were an animal, Jake. . . a real animal."

KART-WHEELS

There are few things faster than a speeding go-kart.

GETTING INTO an international 250 superkart is a little like climbing into a chamber of horrors. It is laid out like a torture rack, with appropriate places to fix your torso and extremities. And it is chokka with menacing hardware. Right alongside your ankles are two circular saws (masquerading as disc brakes) that spin at up to 4000rpm; but for some flimsy steel dividers they could whip your tootsies off in the wink of an eye. Right behind is another larger, faster, nastier saw-wheel, prevented from munching on your bowels only by a thin sheet of fibreglass.

In front, between your splayed legs, is a steel gantry seemingly designed to impale your body should you lunge haplessly forward. Under your left armpit is a grotesque mechanical device with so much explosive energy it takes on the shape of an automotive hand grenade, threatening to lace your gizzards with shrapnel. One end of this monstrosity drives a steel whip which lashes fearfully around a set of turn-wheels armed with more teeth than a white pointer. This entire automotive nightmare could quite easily have been designed and built by that celebrated master of terror, Edgar Allan Poe.

Worse still, it moves. Oh, boy, does it move! You would think to move something so small you would need to push down quite hard on the throttle pedal. If you do, it will try to take your head off at the neck. The way it goes, this machine invented the term "whiplash". When it accelerates, it does it so fast it leaves your brains behind, which is quite helpful for the events that follow. Event One is acceleration through the gears, which happens as fast as you can ram the clutchless shift lever into gear after gear. Event Two is top speed, and these things easily exceed 200km/h on most straights.

Event Three is braking, which is so vicious that if you don't hold on tight, the g-forces will rip you from your seat

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

PHOTOGRAPH BY CLIVE KANE

and hurl you like a rag doll at the scenery. Event Four is cornering which is akin to riding a buck-jumper and being shaken by a gorilla at the same time.

So why do it? Well, because it's about the biggest buzz you can get without dropping your Y-fronts. It will inject more pure, raw adrenalin into your veins than almost anything else you can imagine. And, like a pit moll, it isn't fussy who it turns on. Superkart rookies can get their wings at 14, and the current world champion is 42 years crazy.

The real lifespan of kart drivers is even broader than that. Sprint novices can get aboard at the age of seven these days. The Australian national 250 superchamp (Ross Gray) is 50, and the 80cc Australian champ (Bob Sully) is 56. And the novice can mix it with the best: Colin Thompson (36), our test kart's owner, won name events and got 250 driver of the year (national) in his first full competition year.

You can join this club of terror cheaper than any other form of racing. In superkarts, the base machine which humps an 80cc motorcycle engine costs about $2000 and does a mean 160km/h.

The 125cc machine, which does 200 klicks and has a six-speed gearbox, costs three big ones. The 250cc single cylinder class machines, with a top end of 225km/h, cost four-plus. And the international class twins, such as the one driven here, go for $6000-$10,000. In theory they could be geared to 300km/h.

The top shelf in go-karts, this doover is a fair dinkum racecar. It will blast from nothing to cover the 400 metres in as little as 11 seconds, which is quicker than any road car ever built, almost any road superbike ever built and a Mirage jetfighter.

Round a racing circuit it is about as quick as the average Formula Two open wheeler, and round Adelaide International Raceway it has been timed three secs a lap faster than Brock's 1984 Bathurst-winning Commodore.

Get the picture? Okay, now get aboard. You sit in a body-moulded bucket seat that literally bites into your hips, ribs and shoulders. You are like jelly in a mould. Your legs thread through the tubing and rest on a brake (left) and throttle (right). There's no foot-clutch; a small hand-clutch up on the steering wheel lets you hold out first gear for starts. After that you just slam the lever forwards (upshifts) or wrench it backwards (downshifts), the latter done while blatting the throttle and stabbing at the brakes.

Your wrists almost touch in the middle on the tiny tiller. And right in the centre of it is a tachometer. Silly place you think, but to wheel this kart right through a hairpin you need only one quarter-turn. The tacho reads to 12,000 revs. The idea is to keep it as close to that as you can, all the time. On the back straight at Adelaide's Mallala Racing Circuit in 6th gear it adds up to 225km/h (140mph!). At Adelaide International Raceway, speedguns have clocked karts over the 250 mark.

Vern Schuppan, the Aussie who won Le Mans, says it is the only machine that comes close to the sensation of driving a Formula One Grand Prix car. He should know, he started in karts. So did many of the world's top drivers. Australia's Alan Jones, Ayrton Senna, who has blitzed F1 this year, Keke Rosberg (former world champion) and Alain Prost all got their speed smarts in lilliputian racers.

Go-karting will inject more pure, raw adrenalin into your veins than you can imagine. And like a pit moll, it isn't fussy who it turns on.

No wise words from Schuppan and co can set you up for your first thrill. It is quite simply terrifying, but fun. You have to learn to go fast, and with no racing experience, you'd best start in 80 or 125cc machines. It's cheaper, too, with a whole season costing as little as three grand including car, spares, tyres and running costs. You race in a helmet, leathers (there are no seatbelts), gloves and raceboots. You don't run a lot of risks; particularly nasty accidents involve broken ankles, karts rarely roll (and spit their drivers out when they do but usually without injuries), and most serious moments end in a quick spin (karts are safe to rotate because their light weight gives them little energy).

From more than 5500 registered kart drivers in Australia and 25 years of racing, there's been only a couple of deaths, despite the most desperately close racing imaginable (a hair's breadth is a really good winning margin). In one of those the driver suffered a heart attack, thus causing the crash (recorded on movie film). Another was during a demonstration.

The modern, no-frills racer is a pure bred race machine. Take the test kart. It uses a Dino chassis imported into Australia by Superkart Scene Adelaide (the distributors) and typical of the top competitive chassis (including EDR and Zip). The chassis is the suspension (a key reason why rollbars can't be fitted) and flexes at a programmed rate. The twin-cylinder, 250cc engine is purpose built in Austria by Rotax (who also make world-championship motorcycle engines and powerplants for snow mobiles). It produces a remarkable 80bhp, which has to drive only 120kg of kart (260lb) or around 180kg (396lb) with pilot aboard. That ratio of power to weight propelled is similar to a world Formula One machine.

The engines are so highly strung and the 100 octane fuel so volatile that the 30 to 1 petrol/oil mix is brewed minutes before racing. Like a motorbike, the engine chain-drives the rear axle, which means almost every last vicious, nasty horsepower available makes it from the engine to the wheels. To stick the machine to the tarmac, it needs Grand Prix racing-style, wide, treadless tyres known as slicks. They are bolted on wheels only five inches in diameter but seven, eight or even nine inches wide.

The vital mechanical bits, including brakes, hub carriers and driveline equipment, are made of aircraft materials such as magnesium. The karts' frames are now covered with wind-tunnel-developed fully aerodynamic bodies made from space-age plastics and using wings for downforce. This kart won a European championship and, last year, the Australian National Championship, with Paul Stebbing driving. Yessir, karts have come a long way from those days in 1957 when a Stateside toy-racer screwed a lawnmower engine in something like an over-sized skateboard and scared his neighbors shitless. Since karting as an automotive art form was transferred to Europe in the '60s it has grown into the largest form of motor racing. But it hasn't got out of touch with its grass roots: you still don't need a race-driver's licence (a kart licence needs no driver test), anyone can do it and the costs are chicken shit. More than 70 events per annum can quickly build experience.

For the beginner, there are more than 60 clubs to join (some in every state in Australia), a national karting association, a local karting magazine (and a number of international ones) and hot, well-equipped karting centres like Superkart Scene which can set you up a championship-standard kart in any class of racing. Your choice of sit-up (sprint karts — short circuits) or lie-down (superkarts — GP circuits).

And these pocket racers are so compact you can fit one right inside the average panel-van (with all spares and equipment). Of course, you have to get the mattress and the girlfriend out first.

À LA KART

Australian Karting Association (delegated by the Confederation of Australian Motorsport): Mr B. Thornton, National Publicity, 22 Attunga Avenue, Moorebank, NSW 2170. Tel: (02) 600 8310 (ah) or 72 2878 (b).
SA Karting Council Inc: Mrs J. Hodgetts, Secretary, 7 Ashbourne Avenue, Kingswood, SA 5062. Tel: (08) 271 2795.
National Karting News, PO Box 493, Campsie, NSW 2194.
Superkart Scene, 17 Ferry Avenue, Edwardstown, SA 5039. Tel: (08) 277 6547. (Colin Thompson or Wayne Dingle).

Gypsy In Her Soul

Lovely Cheryl Butler is restless. She's looking for a man who'll share her wanderlust.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Lithe and lovely Cheryl Butler has the gypsy in her soul. While she was growing up, her parents were constantly moving house and she blames her restlessness on this wandering existence. "My parents still haven't settled down," Cheryl laughs. "At the moment they are travelling through the countryside in a caravan that my Dad built." And their daughter has no intentions of breaking family traditions. Even though she holds a steady job as a veterinary assistant, Cheryl admits that her wanderlust stirs pretty regularly and she is longing for some exciting travel.

"I want this experience of posing for PLAYBOY to take me somewhere," she muses, "but I don't know where yet." We're sure it wouldn't be all that hard to find a red-blooded male ready, willing and able to assist Cheryl in making up her mind and to

"I dream of faraway places. My lover and I are alone. The stars hang in the night sky. It is quiet. I dream these dreams in color. It's better that way."

accompany her to the furthest corners of the globe. But if you're a big, butch type, you may be in for a surprise. "I prefer sensitive men," Cheryl admits, "they're more attuned to music, writing and the emotions of women." When we ask her what she has against tough guys, she smiles and says, "They're hiding a whole bunch of things. I value dialogue."

Cheryl hopes that one day she'll meet a man who has all the right qualities contained in a neat package. Right now there's one male with whom she shares her quiet moments, another who joins her for sporting pursuits, a third she talks to a lot and a fourth lucky fellow who shares her more intimate experiences. If you have sufficient energy to keep up with this explosive blonde bombshell, you're more than worthy of all her attention.

The Empty Belly

(OR HOW BRYAN BROWN BEAT ME UP)

Rumbles on the set of Bryan Brown's latest movie, The Empty Beach.

SO THERE I was again, sitting on my fat arse out the front of my house at Terrigal contemplating my brilliant showbiz career and how wonderful everything had turned out since I left the Sydney rat-race and moved to the tranquil friendliness of the Central Coast. Talk about being broke! I owed that much money they nick-named me Jack "I owe everybody" Davey. My house got burgled twice and both times they left me a food parcel. Even the moths in my wardrobe threw in last winter and knitted me a jumper. Things were going that bad I don't think I would have got a kick up the bum if I'd have fallen into a cattle stampede.

Take my illustrious acting and modelling career. Naturally enough the ABC completely brushed me because of an article I wrote in June '84's Australian PLAYBOY, *So, You Want To Be In Movies?* There's no way they're going to have a self-confessed pot freak appearing in any of Auntie's movies, brilliant and all as he is.

Then my last agent got the shits because I refer to various people in the articles I write as poofs, which is a bit of a no-no in the big bronzed Aussie movie scene. But he wasn't getting me any work anyway so I had to get myself another agent.

Moving to the Central Coast was a good idea too. They're not a bad bunch here. There's only two things they don't like: xenophobia and strangers. A week after I moved into my home the coppers came and arrested me for not paying parking fines and I had to spend a week in Gosford jail sleeping on a wrestling mat, eating TV dinners and picking lice out of my hair. And Gosford nick makes *Midnight Express* look like a week on Brampton Island. A few weeks later another two wallopers in a booze bus got me coming home from work one night. I was just over, so I did my licence for three months. And I live on a hill that would kill a mountain-goat.

Four locals, Midnight Oil fans, tried to give me a kicking outside a disco I was working at one night because I said Peter Garrett's head looks like his neck's blowing bubble gum, and when I got my Eddie Banks special out of the car to hit a few home runs on their pointy heads the heroes tried to get me on an assault charge. They got me the sack, I know that.

Then there's the concerned citizens next door — fair dinkum, you ought to see these two. If they ran a funeral parlor people would stop dying. They were concerned because every time they peered over my back fence my tomato plants seemed to get taller but there were no tomatoes. So naturally enough being concerned citizens they called the police and I got busted. Eight of the best plants you ever saw in your life — I bet somebody got a fortune for them.

My life wasn't a complete disaster even though financially I was making about as much headway as a snake trying to root a stock-whip. I'd managed to write a book, and even found a publisher willing to give it a punt. In fact at one stage I was quite elated. When I signed the contract they took me out and let me have a businessman's lunch. The lunch was beautiful, the businessman wasn't real happy though. Still, they must think the book's going to go all right because for the first time they didn't treat me like shit. They only treated me like mud.

Anyway, there I was, sitting out the front of my digs wondering what I should do. I could mow the front lawn — the grass was getting that long all the frogs had hernias.

Suddenly — to use an old cliche — the phone rang. It was the new man with the big cigar, Martin Bedford.

"Hello, Bob. What are you doing?"

"Not much, Martin. Just sitting here counting my money and my blessings."

"Can you be at Sydney Showground by 6.30?" It was almost five.

"In the Kingswood? I doubt it. Why?"

"Well, I just might have a job for someone with a big boofhead like yours."

It seemed they were making a movie called *The Empty Beach,* based on the Peter Corris story of the same name about a private eye named Cliff Hardy. It was being shot mainly around Bondi (my old home

Humor by **Bob Barrett**

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

town) and starred international heart-throb Bryan Brown, veteran actor Ray Barrett, various other Australian mummers, a few self-opinionated NIDA graduates and several Sydney North Shore window-dressers who had done a six-week drama course at their local high-school. They were stuck for a bloke to play the part of "Johnno", a big mutton-headed wombat who's a heavy for one of the mobs. Evidently the window-dresser who had been playing Johnno had told them to shove it. They needed a Wally in a hurry. Was I interested? It was a possible five days' work. Was I ever! Five days on a contract was a dead set earn. All I had to do was be in the film company office at Sydney Showground by 6.30, front the stunt co-ordinator and do my best not to stuff things up. I said I'd give it a lash and hung up.

I didn't have any money for petrol so I syphoned half a tank out of the hotted-up Falcon belonging to the kid next door, shot that, plus two tabs of acid and a squirt of adrenalin, into the Kingswood and headed for Sydney, keener than a greyhound that's just been given a kill.

When I got there, there was no way I could miss the stunt co-ordinator. He was wearing a stunt-man jacket, a stunt-man belt buckle, a stunt-man peaked cap, a stunt-man ring and he had a stunt-man overnight bag. I'll bet he wore stunt-man aftershave lotion and used stunt-man toothpaste. If that wasn't enough he was wearing sunglasses and a — yes, you guessed it — a black skivvy. He introduced himself and told me he wanted to try a scene where Johnno creeps up on Hardy, raps him over the scone with a cosh and bundles him into the back seat of a car. Could I handle it? You're kidding — like a Friday night outside The Bondi with a piece of lead-pipe wrapped in *The Daily Telegraph*.

"Let's go, me old son," I said gleefully.

I let the stunt co-ordinator get a few steps in front, caught up with him, belted him over the head with the cosh, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his pants and speared him over some chairs and tables; then kicked him up the arse and jumped on his stomach.

"How was that, mate?" I said. "All right?"

The stunt co-ordinator looked up from under the chairs and tables. "Very. . . convincing," he said. "We'll be in touch."

Yeah, I'll bet, I thought. I felt like giving him another one for luck. But I pissed off instead. At least I had a chance to have a few drinks with some old mates.

Anyway, I'm sitting at home on Sunday, tap-tap-tapping away on my book when the phone rings. It was Martin again. I'd got the part. All I had to do was collect my script from the same office at the showground and my first shoots were at Bondi Pavilion at 6pm on Monday.

The next day I picked up the script and went back to a good mate's garret at Tamarama, where I was staying, and read my part. You certainly didn't have to be Lord Olivier to play Johnno: he'd be flat out if he said more than three words. But then again, my mere presence on screen is enough so it suited me. I had a bit of a snooze, then it was time to go down to Bondi Pavilion and play movie stars.

Happily, the first bloke I recognised when I arrived on set was an old mate, Steve Rackman, the ex-wrestler, who was playing Rex, one of the heavies for the other mob in the film. Steve's built like a Russian tank, almost as wide and just as hard, and if you reckon I've got a rough head you ought to see Steve's. He looks like when he was born, God gave him the worst head he could find, then backed a front-end loader over it. But then again if I'd fought as many blokes as Steve my head would look like five miles of dirt road too. It's always best to have a good rapport with someone like Steve, otherwise you finish up with your head on back to front and looking like you've just slept in a box of razor-blades.

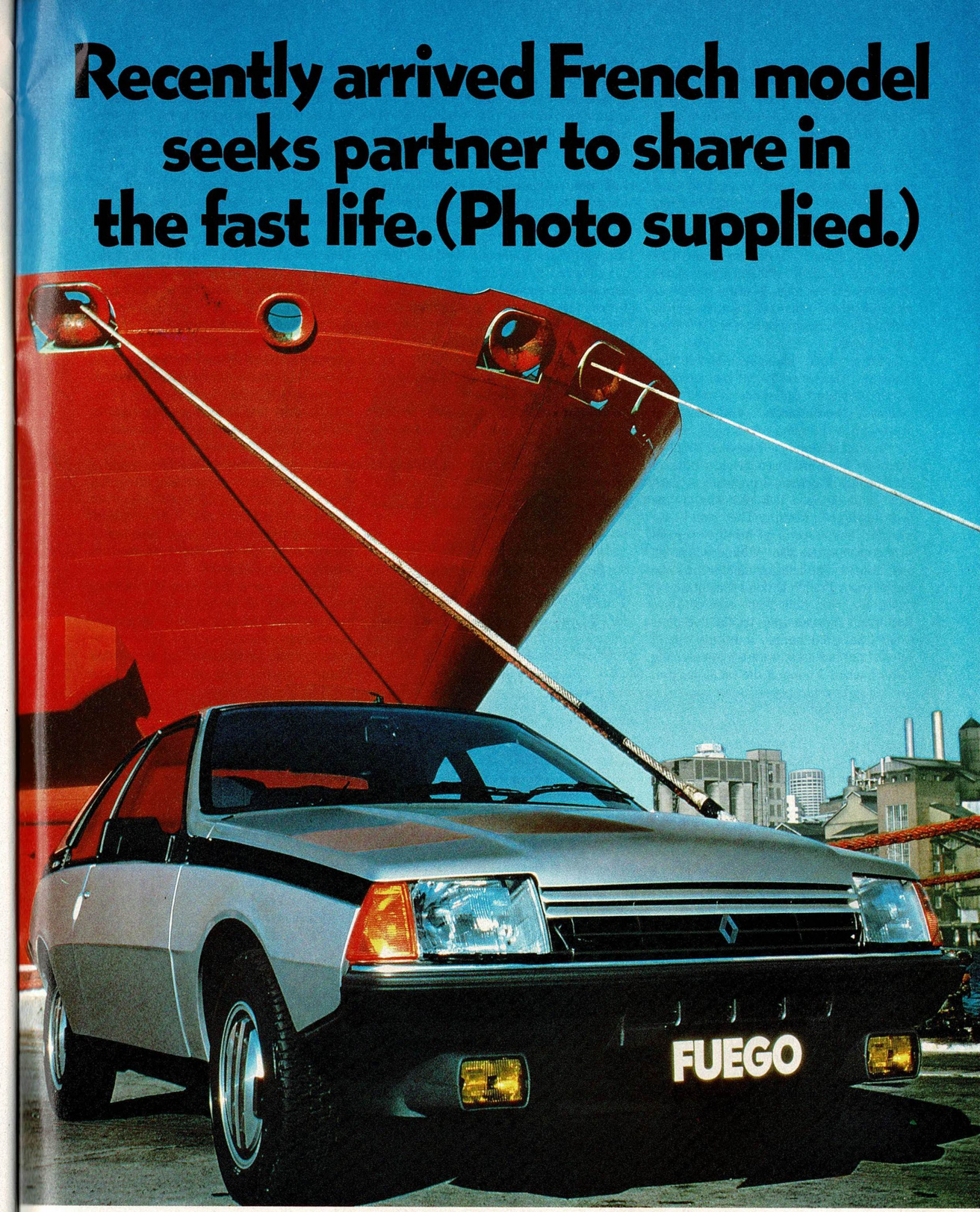
It was pouring bloody rain and there wasn't a great deal doing on the movie set. In fact I'd no sooner changed into my Johnno outfit and practised a few grrrs and snarls in the mirror than the assistant-director told me I was wrapped and I could piss off — good timing too, I'd just missed tea. Tuesday was the same, so I headed back to Terrigal, being told to take a weather check for Wednesday. So I don't suppose I could complain. I was two days up and I hadn't done a thing; but don't get it into your head that the film game is like the public service and you sit around on your arse all the time and get paid for it. It does have its demanding moments.

Wednesday dawned bright and clear and I was back at Bondi for the scene where the two mobs of baddies confront each other, the leaders bite the dust in a hail of blanks and sound effects and Cliff Hardy gets away by the skin of his teeth. It was a pretty quick shoot. It only took us till five in the morning. Anyway I put on my Johnno outfit, the make-up lady gave me the worst hair-do you've ever seen (I looked like an overweight Sid Vicious minus the pimples), they gave me a .38 revolver and we all ran around the front of the pavilion, one mob in a Rolls, the other in a Cadillac, all firing blanks at each other and playing pretends. "Bang, bang you're dead." Pretty heavy stuff.

We got the first scenes done and then it was time for tea — and that's when Steve nicknamed it "The Empty Belly". No one could eat the food. Now I'm not bad on the tooth and Steve Rackman would eat the crotch out of a rag-doll, but you wouldn't

"My wife and I are slowly drifting apart. I want you to speed it up."

Recently arrived French model seeks partner to share in the fast life. (Photo supplied.)



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DOYLE DANE BERNBACH 3636.230/NAT

have eaten this if you were in a lifeboat. If our government had sent it to Ethiopia the Ethiopians would have recalled their ambassador and shut down the embassy.

I had indigestion so bad I felt like the Japanese had been using me for bayonet practice and if Johnno's got a mean look on his face in this movie you know why. Needless to say we were a very sick and tired lot of baddies when they wrapped us at five the following morning and I was absolutely buggered when I crawled on to my half-inch strip of foam rubber on my mate's loungeroom floor to go to sleep. I was even more buggered when his flat-mate got up and put the radio on full bore at 7am on his way to work.

I hung round like a zombie all day Thursday, then at six I went back down to Bondi Pavilion to shoot some more cinematic masterpieces. Thursday was pretty much the same as the night before. All running around in a frenzy like a mob of kids who have just been given a book of McDonald's vouchers, firing blanks at each other and doing a few pick-ups on the previous night's filming. They could have wrapped half of us at 11 but they kept us sitting around like a lot of battery hens till 5am instead. The catering mob put on some sort of soup, French Onion I think it was. It tasted like they boiled up some of Steve Rackman's old wrestling trunks. Needless to say I was tired, hungry and shitty when I hit the floor mat at six. I was a lot tireder and shittier when I copped the radio again at seven.

But Friday night was the big one. The giant shoot-out with the SWAT team, cars being blown up, machine-guns and M16s blazing, baddies biting the dust everywhere before truth and justice triumph over evil and Cliff Hardy wins to fight another day.

Word must have got round about the filming because by 8pm there was a huge crowd outside the pavilion, all breaking their necks to see what was going on. Which meant a chance for me to act the star and maybe chat up a few babes; not that it would have made any difference to yours truly, the way they had me looking it could have rained fannies and I would have got hit by an arsehole and had to pay for it.

As I was standing there, the stunt co-ordinator swanned over and told me in a very matter of fact voice that when the panel-van went up in flames I was going to run towards it, turn around, get shot, then somersault backwards over it into the flames. I said of course I'll have asbestos gear and all that? No. But somebody would be standing there with a car fire-extinguisher. I thought yeah, I know who's going to go over that burning car and with that fire-extinguisher for a suppository.

Before they set this scene up, they did one where Ray Barrett goes after Bryan Brown with a sub-machine-gun. So they set up the cameras and Ray comes charging out of the Cadillac waving this Carl-Gustaf around. He squeezes the trigger and as about 20 shots burst out, Ray's finger jams in the bolt mechanism and gets all chopped up. Fair dinkum, it was the TV blooper of the decade, except after Ray had finished telling Jesus Christ and the rest of Australia all about it you could have cut the air with a knife. But trouper that he is, he still carried on; with the help of a little anaesthetic he managed to find in his caravan.

Anyway they finally get the main scene set up and it takes them nearly three hours, four cameras, three sound men, film crew everywhere, a cast of about 60 and hundreds of spectators crammed against the barriers. This is where my gang boss gets it with a shot-gun, the killer gets machine-gunned, the car blows up, the Bondi Pavilion gets shot to pieces, and goodies and baddies go down all over the place.

As there was going to be a fire and an explosion the police and a couple of firemen were on hand for safety measures. And who should the fireman in charge be but my old mate "Oigles" from the Bondi Icebergs.

The shoot being two hours behind, I didn't have to get shot going over the blazing car, I just got arrested, handcuffed and beaten up instead.

The first thing he said when he saw me was, "G'day, Bob. Where's all the piss?" Over the past 20 years Oigles has retained enough Tooheys New to fill an Olympic pool and half a dozen water-beds.

Anyway, they get this huge, involved scene set up with the crowd under control, cameras, sound and everybody in their place. Then it's lights, camera, roll film, roll sound and. . . action. Bang — everybody runs around right on cue, the guns are blazing, the panel-van goes up in a great ball of flame, and as soon as it does Oigles staggers over in front of the cameras, turns on his fire-hose and puts the bloody thing out.

The director nearly had a stroke. Three hours and about 15 grand went straight down the gurgler: if there had been any real bullets around he would have put one straight through Oigles. The rest of the film crew were screaming their heads off as well and to make things worse, a mob of wags amongst the spectators started singing "Come on, baby, light my fire." The rest of us just groaned because it meant we were going to be there another three hours. Finally they got it all set up again, only this time with two guys standing next to Oigles with a baseball bat each, ready to break both his legs if he went near the panel-van before it was time. But everything went according to plan this time; in fact the arrests and the police work looked so realistic the two guys playing the detectives ended up getting a sling off someone. Luckily for me, the shoot being two hours behind, I didn't have to get shot going over the blazing car, I just got arrested, handcuffed and beaten up in the back of a Commodore instead.

I got wrapped about five and rather than spend another night on the floor mat making my chiropractor rich I split straight for Terrigal, took a sleeping pill and woke up just in time to do my money on the last race at Rosehill.

My next call was for 7.30 Thursday: the original scene I auditioned for. I had to stalk Hardy, belt him over the head with the cosh and throw him in the back of a Mercedes. Easy as shit. Just like a Saturday night at The Astra before they closed it. They shot it outside the old Crown Street Women's Hospital, which they'd done up as a police station, daubing such choice things as "Fuck off filth," "Today's pigs are tomorrow's bacon" and "Stop police verbals" all over the walls. I got there just as tea was being served, which I declined on humanitarian grounds.

Now this was a fairly simple scene but because we're all perfectionists in show-business we decided a few rehearsals wouldn't go amiss.

So we did 20 rehearsals of me belting Hardy over the head with the cosh and spearing him into the car. Of course all stars have stand-ins and it was the stand-in I was using for target practice. You should have seen the poor bludger after the 15th rehearsal: he was talking like Fozzy Bear and getting around like one of Jimmy Sharman's tent fighters.

Finally Bryan Brown arrived and being the trump was able to get things sorted out. We got the scene done in two takes even with the constant heckling from a group of beefy, crew-cutted young ladies, wearing overalls and glugging schooners outside the pub on the corner.

All we had to do then was drive up and down George Street with me pistol-whipping a sandbag on the back seat which was supposed to be Hardy's leg. Actually this was the most difficult part of the movie for me. This was where I really earned my money, where the film company really gets what they were paying me for. This was where I got to say my big line, when I see Hardy trying to kick open the door of the car. "Hey, Hardy" comma "what do you think you're doing" question mark. And baby, I did it in one go! Didn't even have to use an idiot board once. Though it was there just in case. I was wrapped at 10 and down the pub swallowing schooners at 10.30.

I wasn't required again until the following Monday for the big fight scene with Hardy at the old Macarthur mansion at Camden, where I drag him out of the car, kick him in the guts a couple of times and throw him into a wine cellar and lock the door. We come back later and Hardy flattens my offsider with a snooker ball in a sock, then Hardy and I get stuck into it and Hardy, being the hero, ultimately punches the piss out of poor Johnno.

I got the Kingswood to Camden okay — by now the kid next door's petrol tank was dryer than a Pommy's towel — and bundied on ready to go.

We got the interior shots out of the way, then just hung around in the heat and the flies waiting to do the night shots. However, there were a couple of things to brighten up the new location. Firstly, the food had improved out of sight. Maybe the cook was going through a bit of male menopause down at Bondi, I don't know, but now it wasn't only edible, it was delicious. And secondly, Bryan Brown had brought his wife, Rachel Ward, along to the shoot. You reckon this Rachel Ward's not a good sort? She's got a face like an angel and a figure that makes you want to start barking at the moon; besides this, she just oozes old-fashioned English style and grace. I know Allah laid it down in the Koran that thou shalt not covet thy brother's wife, but by the living Harry, he didn't say anything about not having a look.

The next thing it was night-time and after a gutful of Mexican for lunch and crispy roast pork for tea it was time for me to do my scene where I drag Hardy out of the car and kick him in the guts. So we did some more rehearsing. I gave the stand-in a few kicks, then the director gave him a few, the first assistant director gave him a few, plus the sound man, cameraman and location manager all gave him a kick. Anybody else want a go? Yeah, why not. So the wardrobe lady and the make-up girl come over and put the boot in, plus the cook and the old bloke that owned the house and his wife and kids. And a jolly good time was had by all — except of course the stand-in, but bugger him.

Anyway, we handcuff Bryan Brown, throw him in the back of the Mercedes and away we go. We were able to get it done in two takes again and it looked all right so we were wrapped early. I bludged half a dozen cans off the film-crew, went back to the motel and had a yarn to Bob Alexander, who plays my offsider in the movie, and then hit the blurt bag.

I was up fairly early the next morning, all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, so I laced on the K-26s, went for a bit of a wheezy jog and did some exercises to make sure I was in reasonable shape for the fight scene. Then it was off to the Macarthur mansion to do battle. I got there at 10 to be told they weren't going to do my scene till after lunch as they had to establish something for another scene out in one of the fields so I established that I could sleep quite easily on a rubber mat till they woke me for lunch. After a delightful repast of spaghetti marinara it was time to gear up and duel on.

Now I've done a bit of boxing and all that rattle and Bryan was a bit of a lad from the suburbs before he hit the big time so we decided we would work something out between us.

The fight scene was to go like this: after Hardy flattens my offsider with the snooker ball, he takes a swing at me and misses. I belt him with a short right, knocking him up against the far wall. I follow through with a left hook, miss and hit the other wall. Hardy counters with a snap right to the short-loin and another on the jaw. I shake my big boofhead and go after him only to be met by two straight lefts. Screaming with rage and pain I grab Hardy in a bear-hug and try to bash his brains out against the low ceiling in the old wine cellar, but Hardy, being an old streetfighter, gouges both my eyes and head butts me. I go back against the wall holding my eyes and bellowing like a bad mug, only to cop a kick in the nuts followed by another big right. I make a desperate claw at Hardy's already bandaged face and cop another big one on the "Gilbeys Gin". As I slide down the wall with my legs apart Hardy gives me a final kick in the "Frank Packers" that puts them up under my ears and has me talking like Tiny Tim for the next six months. Then it's exit stage right for Hardy, accompanied by much moaning and groaning from the vanquished Johnno. Okay, let's do it.

We all trooped down into the wine cellar,

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HANDS UP FOR SEIKO

got everything set up, then it was roll film, roll sound and — action. We got stuck into it but somehow it just didn't seem to be working. I was keen, Bryan seemed a little bit lethargic, but every time we did look like getting it together something would go wrong and we would have to stop. The director decided to give it a rest for a bit and pick up on the scene where Hardy knocks out my offsider with the snooker ball in the sock.

The special effects department had made a fake snooker ball out of a squash ball wrapped in tissue paper. But somebody in the crew must have been playing around with it because somehow it got a bit condensed and went a little hard. The stunt co-ordinator got Bob Alexander to demonstrate it was safe by getting him to give him a rap on the head with it. Bob, who weighs about six stone in a wet army greatcoat, swung the squash ball against the side of the stunt co-ordinator's face and knocked him flatter than a blob of cow shit. No one could believe it. He was out colder than a bank manager's heart and though I know you're not supposed to laugh at other people's misfortunes the whole place cracked up.

Then it was back to me and Bryan.

All right, I thought to myself, it was time to use a bit of the old Bondi savvy. Or as Bugs Bunny would say, "Time to use a little stradgidee." As we shaped up and they were about to roll the film I caught Bryan's eye.

"Hey, Bryan," I said. "Is that right Rachel Ward buys her clothes off the rack at K-Mart?" Bryan looked at me for a second and his eyes narrowed: he didn't quite know what I was on about.

"I also heard," I said, "that she takes speech therapy lessons from Jeanne Little and goes to the same hairdresser." Now there was a distinct scowl on old chisel chin's face. He was not amused.

No sooner had the director called action than Bryan tore into me like a man possessed. Punches and kicks came from everywhere. Eye gouges, head butts, knees in the balls, elbow shots, you name it, I was on the receiving end. Blood, torn clothing and bits of scalp went everywhere as I was belted from one side of the wine cellar to the other. The camera kept rolling, the sound man kept recording. They were all mesmerised. No one could believe such realism. Finally Bryan wore himself out so he gave me two last kicks in the nuts to finish the scene. The crew were ecstatic.

"Fantastic," said the director.

"Great stuff," said the cameraman.

"Print that. Bandage Barrett," said the assistant director.

Poor overweight, balding Bobby Barrett, the writer and part-time ham actor. They carried me moaning up to the dressing-room, cleaned me up and helped me to get changed. I'm telling you, Bryan Brown's no slouch in the fighting department, you should have seen the mess he made of me. I looked like I'd been trying to steal meat out of the lion's den. There were lumps on my head big enough to sell advertising on and I had bruises all over me so black you could've written on them with chalk. But the directors were stoked — they said it was the best fight scene they'd ever filmed; then they all went over and congratulated the stunt co-ordinator for his great work. I just crawled to the Kingswood, started it and went home.

So there I was, back at my Terrigal mansion, half zonked, watching the sun go down, hardly a care in the world (except for my lumps and bruises) when up pulls this grey Ford Gemini with "Gosford Council — Sheriff's Department" on the door and out climb these two blokes. One looked like Killer Kowalski, the other had a face like Jed Clampett's dog.

"Are you Robert George Barrett?"

"Yeah."

"We're from the Sheriff's Office."

"The Sheriff's Office?"

"You're $850 behind with your rates and if we don't get $185 immediately we have a warrant to confiscate goods to that amount." He had a look at my humble digs, then settled on the car. "That vehicle will do."

I just sat there with my mouth open, completely gabberflasted. They don't really still send sheriffs out to harass citizens these days, do they? I don't live in Sherwood Forest. But the sheriff was adamant; 185 gold splonders or I would lose my trusty steed. I was dumbfounded: completely speechless. But what could I do — I had to come out with that grouse line.

"You're not taking the bloody Kingswood," I said.

So I gave them my last $200, got 15 dollars change and a receipt, and stood there watching as the sheriff and Deputy Dawg or whatever his name was rode off into the sunset. I still couldn't believe this had really happened to me. Over the past 2½ weeks I'd been beaten up, bruised and abused. Made to look like an idiot, compelled to eat shit bloody food and forced to put up with imbeciles who shouldn't have been allowed out in public. In a fortnight I'd averaged about three hours sleep a night, giving myself spinal adhesive arachnoiditis in the process. And what did I have to show for it? Fifteen dollars, an empty belly and no food in the fridge.

It's a great country, Australia. I put the $15 in my kick and drove round to this pub I know to see a certain barmaid and buy myself a foil. At least when you're stoned, being hungry's not such a drag.

"We don't expect this to turn into an actual big war. We view it as a 'combat opportunity'!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEPP BERLINGER

SHOOTING STAR

When Isabel Haller wants a bit of excitement, she goes all the way.

Twenty-one-year-old Isabel Haller is looking forward to early next year when she can take a break from kindergarten teaching and head inland to keep a watch for Halley's Comet. Strange, you might say, but a holiday like that will satisfy all her favorite pastimes.

It's no big deal for Isabel to jump on her bicycle and ride into the bush for a quiet camping weekend. "I don't need any luxury," Isabel says. "I'd rather sleep in a tent or under the stars than in a big hotel."

And Halley's Comet? "Sometimes I stare up into the sky and think all the planets and stars must look the same as in the science fiction films," she explains. "But I want to see them for myself. Halley's Comet will be a real buzz for me, and getting away from the city lights means I'll have a better chance of seeing it. One day I hope there'll be charter flights into space. I've always wanted to be an astronaut!"

FANTASIES *(continued from page 48)*

Fantasies are one of the last taboo subjects. If you know what someone dreams, you know who he is.

to a realisation that sexual behavior cannot be fully understood without a look at fantasies. In fact, it may be that sexual behavior is merely an artifact of the erotic stories we tell ourselves.

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Fantasies are one of the last taboo subjects in our society. Long after people have lost any shame about discussing sex, they still can be embarrassed about admitting to fantasies — if you know what someone dreams, you know who he is. Traditionally, the macho stud chewing on his date's nipple as if it were a wad of chewing gum couldn't bear it if she knew he was imagining himself a sweetly suckling baby. The demure wife who artlessly lets her arms fall to the sides in a dying-swan gesture during sex would never want her husband to know she was pretending to be shackled spread-eagled to a rock with waves crashing about her, waiting for a sea-snake 10 feet long and as thick as a firehose to butt between her legs.

But as our culture becomes more exhibitionistic, this psychological self-protection seems less of a factor. After the Sensitive '70s, with its self-help fads, some people think nothing of betraying their most intimate secrets. A while ago, at a dinner with a couple I hardly knew, the woman casually mentioned over dessert that ever since her husband had given up a two-pack-a-day cigarette habit, he'd lost interest in sex.

No, it's not the sexuality that embarrasses people, it's the fantasy. After all, fantasies are make-believe, play-acting for kids. Adults are supposed to be reality-oriented. As a result, for years the study of sexual fantasies has been the Cinderella of sexology, a step-child that was ignored or reviled most of the time even though in practice it always ended up being belle of the erotic ball.

And, like good wines, some fantasies improve with age.

"When I was at university, I had a girlfriend in Melbourne and another in Sydney," says a nationally syndicated columnist. "Once, both were on the campus at the same time. One was in the cafeteria, the other upstairs in my room. I ran from one to the other. The girlfriend waiting in the cafeteria knew I was upstairs screwing my other girlfriend — and she wasn't upset. In fact, years later, she told me she thought I was going to invite her up to join us! And she said she would have done it. Ever since then I've gone over and over that possibility, refining it, experiencing in my imagination something I was too young and too scared to do in reality."

But old or young, male or female, gay or straight, "virtually everyone," says Dr Kenneth Pope, chairman of the Psychological Association Ethics Committee, "will fantasise at one time or another" — at an average of seven to 12 times a day. "And the more sexually active you are, the more you are likely to fantasise and the richer and more varied your fantasy-life will be."

The deed follows the thought. Pope explains: "Research shows that women who have masturbatory fantasies involving intercourse — that is, while they're masturbating they're thinking of having intercourse — tend to be more orgasmic than women who do not have such fantasies, who fantasise about other things, things that do not involve intercourse."

"My husband has no clue to my fantasy life," says Linda Parker, a photo researcher. "Partly because I like the idea of having a special, secret place I can go off to in my head by myself. Sometimes after he's asleep, I'll start working up a fantasy as I'm lying next to him. It might come from a picture I've seen during the day — like a still from a movie, involving someone like Richard Gere. I'll start by putting myself in the place of the woman in the picture. Say, in this Richard Gere picture I'll become Diane Lane, all dressed up in silky 1920s dress. These details, the costumes, are important. I like to imagine the feel of textures — silk, satin, or sometimes something rough. Sackcloth, I like to imagine making love on sackcloth. Then, slowly, Diane Lane — or whoever the woman is — becomes me; and it's me with Richard Gere."

Researchers in various countries have found that women get just as aroused by pornography as men do, but their erotic images may contain different key elements. As a rule, women seem to be more passive than men in their fantasies. Females like scenes of people caressing each other or involved in heavy petting more than scenes of penetration and cum-shots. And they enjoy written pornography.

The only point on which almost all the fantasy researchers seem to agree is that fantasies are okay if they work and bad if they don't — work being defined by arousing someone in such a way that he is brought into a more intense relationship to reality (without, of course, harming himself or anyone else).

The key is whether a fantasy brings two people closer together or keeps them apart. If I am able to make love to my wife only while imagining a detailed — and ritualised — seduction scene involving Kathleen Turner, a see-saw and a gallon of hot fudge, if I can't perform unless I am imagining that, and if that fantasy obliterates the reality of the situation, prevents me from noticing the see-saw and hot fudge I'm actually using — then the fantasy is unhealthy.

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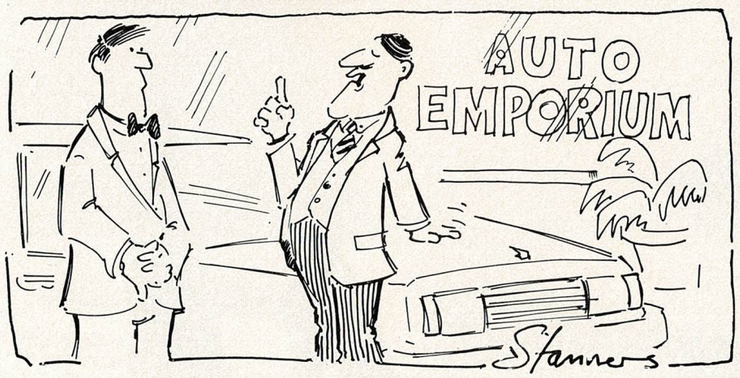
Every time the George Street bus stops, I scan the people getting on for my slumming countess in her Audrey Hepburn dress.

How often do I ride this route? Two or three times a week. Sometimes, I'm actually going somewhere — to shop or on business. Sometimes I'll ride the bus when I'm stuck in my work and just want to take a break.

But, whenever I do it, there comes a point when the countess steps into my imagination and in my imagination sits down beside me. I have the same newspaper from years before — or maybe a new edition with a similar story. English lords are always paddling nannies' bare bottoms. She reads over my shoulder. My heartbeat speeds up. My blood pressure rises. She asks the question she's been asking for over a decade: "Would you like to spank me?"

And this time, staring her straight in the eye, I say, "Why not?"



"There's no end to electronic sophistication here, sir. This little beauty has a device which automatically tells you when you have run out of petrol."

"My tastes are simple, I am always satisfied by the best."
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Solitary *(continued from page 71)*

"Turn the lights on," I scream. Nothing. No one. I scream until my voice dissolves into blackness.

Hysterical laughter echoes around the cell. I wonder where it's coming from, not realising that it's my own. I kick the door, shouting for water. I know they can hear me and are purposely ignoring me. It's a game for them. Lock him up and let him get it out of his system. The frustration begins to coil tight inside me. I keep kicking the door. My throat is dry and there's blood caked to my clothes and body. Silence. I try to sleep. There's nothing to sleep on, only the bare concrete floor. I'm in solitary confinement in a boys' home. "Kenworth," I repeat over and over until the name is branded into me. How did I get here? Why is this happening? I was a kid. I nicked off from school. I had troubles at home. I shop-lifted. From that, to this. Why?

I wake. The light in the cell has been turned off. There are no sounds. No light. Total darkness. Absolute silence. I become disoriented. The blackness stretches out from me to infinity and I begin to float along its lines. I cling to the floor. The only point of reference. If I let go of it, I'll fall into the chasm. I am hungry and thirsty but I don't kick at the door. They'll ignore me and I don't want to give them that satisfaction anymore. The darkness magnifies my outrage. I haven't had water since I was put here. I'm so thirsty that I contemplate drinking my own piss, but I don't. The fact that I should even think it shocks me. Things become distorted. How long are they going to keep me here? How long have I been here already?

I try to sleep but the blackness pushes in. My mind begins to spin, no longer held by the confines of my body. I stretch out on the floor with my hands by my side, trying to grip the concrete, trying not to think, trying to protect my mind from tumbling into the abyss. I realise that they left my boots on when they put me in here. Boots with heavy laces. Boots and laces that they normally take so you can't string yourself up. They want me to hang myself, I think. They want me to solve all their problems by doing myself in. No fucking way. I take off the boots and crawl around the edge of the cell until I find the bars. I throw one of the boots in the direction of the dead light bulb on the wall. I can't see. The boot falls harmlessly to the floor. I throw the second boot into the blackness and the bulb explodes, showering splinters of glass all over the cell.

The response is instant. Three screws open the external door, screaming something about all the fuses being blown. A sharp, painful shard of light stabs through the doorway and into my eyes. I curse them.

The screws open the internal door, swearing. One of them hits me with something. I focus my eyes and see that it's a piece of green rubber hose. They attack. Pain shoots through my body. The coil of tension that's been building inside me for days finally snaps. I manage to get to my feet and start to swing punches, kicking out at the shapes closest to me. I connect time after time. I kick, punch, bite, scratch, claw. I want to inflict as much pain on them as they're inflicting on me. Not once, until now, have I really struck out, but now my hate and anger explode with a force and strength I didn't know I possessed. There are spasms of pain in my hands as they connect with bone and flesh. I slowly realise that they're not hitting me anymore. The three screws are trying to get out of the cell, but can't all fit through the door at once. I keep striking out and they are shouting, "He's mad! He's mad!" pushing each other trying to get away from me.

I feel good. I don't feel helpless anymore. I feel like I've got some power over these no-good bastards. But it's more than that. After the blackness and the silence, after the seemingly endless hours of trying to convince myself that I was still alive, the sights and sounds, the physical concentration of the fight, reassure me that I'll last the distance.

With much effort, they manage to close and lock the doors. I scream and demand food and water. Again I'm ignored and again I'm in blackness but it doesn't matter now that they take no notice or that I'm left in darkness. Over and over, through my shouting, through hearing my voice and feeling my body connect with the bars, I reaffirm my survival.

"Turn the lights on," I scream. Nothing. No one. There is only me. I scream until my voice dissolves into the blackness. I need medical attention. The fight has left me with deep cuts from the glass of the broken light bulb. I have warm, sticky blood on my body; some of it mine, some of it theirs, and I'm pleased that I've finally managed to lay a few on them.

There's no warning when the light goes on. It invades the cell in a single, all-embracing attack. I'm blinded and sit for half an hour trying to adjust, waiting for it to be turned off again. That would be the next logical step in this torture. It seems as if I've been here for many, many days, but in fact it's only been 48 hours. It's only been two days since I last ate or drank. Only two days in the blackness. My pain is complete. Such a price for two days. I scream out for water. I scream out at the isolation. I mourn for my lost self.

When the door is finally opened, I'm lying on the floor, my eyes fixed on the ceiling. This time it's not a game. The screws enter, followed by a doctor. He examines me. My body is limp and my mind is detached, crying silently in its hate. The doctor says that I should be showered and fed. He tells me to get to my feet. I try, but collapse into a heap. The doctor helps me up and takes me to the clinic. He orders everyone else out and feeds me himself. He speaks gently to me and asks me what happened. He shows concern. I don't trust him but I relax in the soothing calm of his voice. He prescribes a tranquilliser for me and tells me that I'm not to take part in any of the exercise periods or the marching. He says he'll strongly recommend that I see a psychiatrist. Having fed me and given me some milk to drink, he leaves me. I'm never to see him again.

I'm left on my own in the clinic for some time. Grant and a couple of the screws come in and he asks me if I'm feeling fit enough to join the others. I walk slowly to the brush shop. By the time I get there, I'm exhausted and have to lean against the wall. The screw working in the brush shop sees this and yells at me to stand to attention. I tell him to get fucked and he orders me to report to the grille. After what I'd just come through he seemed even more stupid and petty than he had before. I ignore him, knowing that Grant is only yards behind. He has a short talk with the screw and tells me to follow him to his office. He explains to me that the doctor has recommended that I'm to go to Sydney to see a psychiatrist. In the meantime, I'm not to take part in any of the normal activities. I'll be given special duty. This is only given to inmates who are on the top four of the "ladder" and they receive extra food. He explains that the wing cells need painting and asks if I can paint. I'm issued with gallons of paint and a few brushes.

"You like working by yourself, don't you?" he asks.

"YES," I say, omitting the "sir". He lets it pass.

And so I begin painting the cells, slowly, deliberately. I paint as if nothing had happened. I paint cell after cell, first the undercoat and then the gloss. I leave the wing only for meals. The rest of the time I do as I please. I sit and read books that I borrow from the cells of other inmates and I'm careful to put them back as I read them, one by one. They're finally leaving me alone. I don't march. I don't do "Yes, sir, no, sir." I don't report for this or that. I regain some of my confidence.

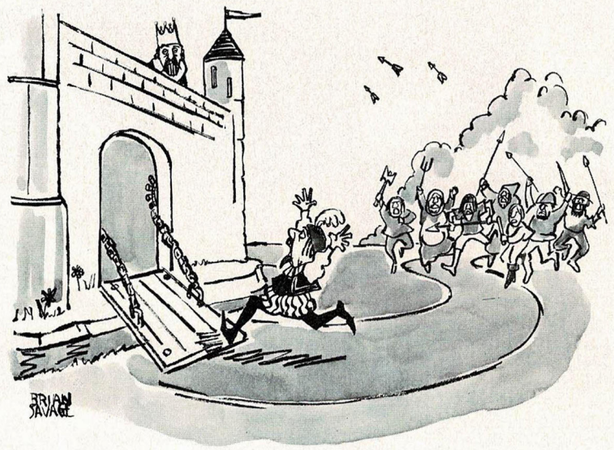
A new screw starts work while I'm assigned to this. He comes by every hour or so to check on me. He throws a lit smoke a foot away from me and leaves. I'm stunned. He could get sacked for doing that. I smoke the offering and feel dizzy. Every day he throws me a smoke. No words pass between us. After about three weeks of this he comes in and sits on the bed of the cell I'm painting and starts to tell me about himself. He tells me that he's an ex-cop who left the force because of the corruption. He tells me he has a wife and two kids and that Kenworth is about to go through a change for the better. He asks me what it's been like here and about my family. He treats me as a human being and I respond with gratitude. He tells me that I'll probably be leaving for Sydney that night but that I should act surprised when they come to get me. He leaves the cell.

That night I don't go to sleep at eight as I normally do. I wait for the moment when they'll come and take me to the railway station. I feel as if I've beaten them at their own game. I'm getting out and that's all that matters. It doesn't matter that it's only for a short time. I know they can't touch me anymore. I can survive them. I was grateful for the smokes the screw had given me. I was looking forward to Sydney. My external world revolves around small pleasures and the knowledge that they can't touch me in my head again.

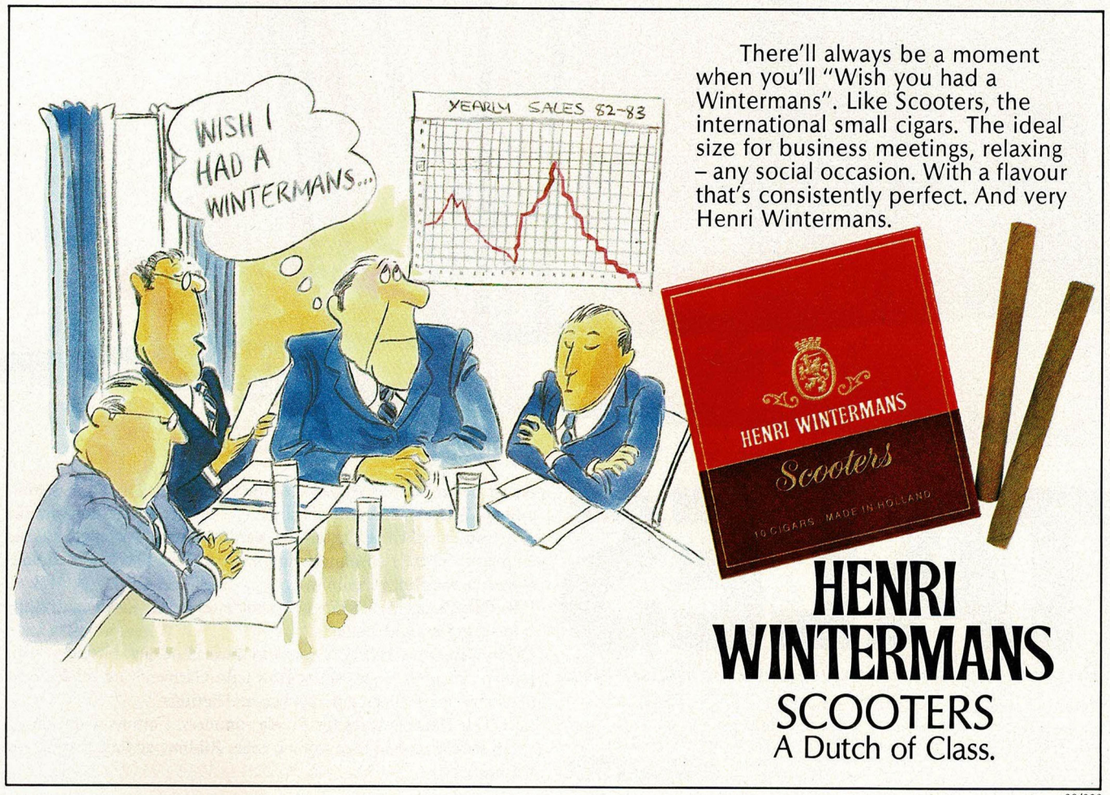
At about 10pm they come to get me. They pull my pyjamas over my head so I can't see the security arrangements for the night shift and they warn me to behave myself. "Fools," I think. I'm taken to Grant's office and given some clean clothes: a suit with a white shirt and tie. They take me to the station and we wait on the platform for the train to come.

A lifetime has passed since I last stood on this platform. It isn't the same person who stands here now. The boy that I had been then was still at Kenworth, crying in the darkness at his loneliness, unable to fathom his pain. I had buried that part of me in the old death cell, leaving it behind to find comfort with the ghosts of time past. The man that I now was would never again feel such desolation. He'd been given a focus for his hate, for his fear, for his suffering. Never again would he blame himself for what he was or what he might become. He could now turn these things outwards and heap them upon the shoulders of his tormentors. He despised all those who played the tunes of convention and authority for him to dance to like a well-trained animal. He'd seen the worst they had to offer and it gave him reason to hate with impunity and the magnitude of that hate enveloped his pain like a protective cocoon. The man I now am was on his way.

This instalment concludes our two-part excerpt from the forthcoming book of the same name by Peter Schneidas.



"Serfs up!"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PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

SHIRT TALES

Presenting the frontrunners in summer's fashion stakes.

Style by VITEK

Never before has the Aussie male been given such a choice of shirt options. There's a diversity of collars, cuffs and colors; buttons, fabrics and trims have come out of the wardrobe to add excitement and emphasis. There's absolutely no excuse to look like a stuffed shirt above the waistline this summer.

COLOR: Dazzle with white or be bold and brash. Clash contrasting colors. Impress with patterns.

CUT: Generous. Plenty of room to move. For day, business shirts remain classic. At night, shirts grow tails. Garments are riddled with detailing such as tucks, zips, pockets and buttons.

CLOTH: Natural fibres for Aussie summers. Cottons with built-in crush look great and save ironing time. Ribbing and embossing add texture.

1. White DOLCE VITA cotton shirt ($68) features ribbed inserts and detailed panels.
2. Flashes of brilliant color in VICTOR GREENBURG's short-sleeved casual shirt ($50).
3. LANVIN's pinstriped business shirt ($70) to take you to the top.
4. All-out evening glamor in MARTIN GRANT's green satin shirt ($99) with extended tails.
5. A hint of the highlands in VAG's tartan shirt ($40) with a neat white collar.
6. VICTOR GREENBURG's wearable work of art ($50).
7. VAG grey shirt panelled with pink and black ($40).
8. Grey, black and burgundy shirt with button-down collar and zippered pocket by MERD INTERNATIONAL ($70). The pattern? Typographic maps of Germany's Rhine Valley.
9. The traditional Hawaiian shirt goes to town with DANIEL HECHTER's dusky pink version ($50).
10. Brighten up the dullest outfit with VICTOR GREENBURG's candy-striped cotton shirt ($50).
11. J. JACKSON CORP heavy white cotton overshirt ($68) features pockets, tucks and folds.
12. KATHY McKINNON's hand screen-printed shirt bears Kali Cosmic Goddess print in silver, black and burnt orange ($78).
13. VAG red, white, blue and black crushed cotton shirt ($38).

STOCKISTS: VICTOR GREENBURG, LANVIN, VAG and DANIEL HECHTER: From all leading menswear and department stores. DOLCE VITA and J. JACKSON CORP: Jackson Jeans and all leading menswear and department stores. MARTIN GRANT, KATHY McKINNON and MERD INTERNATIONAL: Coup D'Etat, Sydney.

LOOKING GOOD

A cologne is one of your most intimate accessories. It makes good scents to choose the right one.

Are you fresh, sophisticated, sporty or lusty? Depends on the occasion, eh? Maybe discreet, virile and uncompromising is more you? At times, perhaps? What about suave, forceful and modern? Nearly but not quite?

Okay, I've got it, you're a little bit of everything. Right? Right.

Diversity is what today's men's fragrance market is all about. The cutting edge of style is every which way. The wealth of choices allows you to play the whole field, and then some. No matter what your mood or lifestyle happens to be, you'll find a cologne or aftershave that works best for you.

It's official that 85 percent of Australian men use a cologne or aftershave. For many men, however, the men's toiletries section of department stores remains uncharted territory. Most men received their first bottle of "smelly stuff" from their mother or sister, and the pattern congealed. From extreme youth, the majority of Aussie males have relied on a woman to make the choice for them.

Let's break the mould. A cologne or aftershave is one of the most intimate accessories a man can buy, it's time to suss out what's available and make the right choices for yourself.

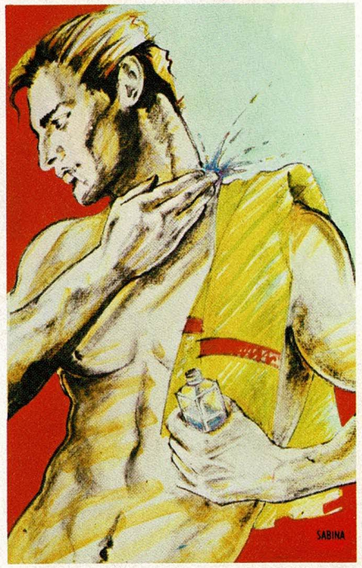
For men, not unlike animals, scent plays an important part in the mating game. But remember, women have sensitive antennae so go easy on the stuff. An overdose can effectively kill the mood. Women do, after all, look for discretion in their men. Still, if you want to knock 'em dead and conjure up more than a physical memory, try stronger fragrances such as Kouros, Azzaro, Pour Lui from Oscar de la Renta, Jovan, Brut, Pierre Cardin, Van Cleef and Arpels Pour Homme, Cerruti Pour Homme, Habit Rouge and Lagerfeld.

But what's good for the bedroom is often out of place in the boardroom. Do you work in a large office? Is the majority of your day taken up with clients and meetings? Then your professional needs are subtle and classic. Low key is the keynote, and fresh is best. Recommended choices for daytime are Antaeus, Aramis 900, Drakkar Noir, Eau Sauvage, Grey Flannel, Jules, Pour Un Homme, Juvena Men's Style, Jacomo de Jacomo, Polo, Quorum, Lanvin For Men and Vetiver.

As the song says, there's nothing like a truck-driving man (or a road-digging, brick-laying, engineering or plumbing one either). In short, just because you put your back into your work doesn't mean you should stick to the natural odor of honest sweat. Nothing can compete with the whiff of turps, chemicals or lead pipes, but a gentle, woody hint of Acqua di Selva, Rothschild, YSL Pour Homme, Faberge's Patage, Mennen Skin Bracer or Old Spice can make it that much nicer to be downwind of your own armpits.

Jogging, heavy work-outs, playing football or any other type of sporting exertion also call for their own scents. Crisp, light and tangy colognes splashed or sprayed on after an invigorating shower not only cool you down, they keep you feeling good. Action men should go for plastic-packed bottles that can be flung into a gym bag. Sports aficionados should think about Devin, Royal Copenhagen, Eau de Cologne Hermes, Alain Delon For Men, Givenchy Gentleman, Chanel For Men, Brut 33 and L'Homme by Roger and Gallet.

Now for a word of warning — don't wear colognes in the sun. Like perfumes, some men's fragrances can undergo a photo-chemical reaction in bright sunlight. The result? Unsightly brown spots on your skin. And remember: good things don't always last forever. Even in the bottle, the best colognes and aftershaves fade and lose their power over time, or if they are exposed to strong sunlight or extremes of temperature.



There are two basic masculine fragrance categories — aftershave and cologne (sometimes called eau de toilette). The dividing line is depth and clout. Aftershaves are basically facial astringents splashed on to cool the skin and jam up razor nicks. Aftershave contains more alcohol than cologne, hence that stinging feeling that can be quite severe for men with sensitive skin. Many companies put out aftershave and cologne in both strengths. Colognes and eau de toilette base their popularity on smell rather than action and if you don't have extra-tough macho skin, they're a much better choice.

The only way to be sure that you choose what's right for you is to try it. Just because your mate smells pretty good and pulls in the women like flies, that's no guarantee "Eau de Irresistible" will do the same for you. In fact, you could end up smelling like something the cat coughed up. Body chemistry alters fragrance, so nothing smells the same on every man. Swab a little cologne over your wrists or the back of your hand, then wait five minutes before inhaling. Don't try to test 10 scents worth at once; the human sense of smell loses its sensitivity after being exposed to more than three fragrances. It's also wise to avoid shopping around before adjourning to your favorite Italian, Indian or Thai restaurant. The insistent legacies of garlic and other heavy spices have a tendency to waft out through the pores of the skin. The zap of a blend of plants, bergamot, cinnamon and musk can be crushed by a blast of chilli.

It's essential to remember that fragrance, like a good relationship, needs time to develop. Apply cologne or aftershave about an hour before you want anyone to feel its impact. Spray-ons are the most subtle, because you can whisk them around your chest and upper arms. If you use splash-ons, limit yourself to generous dabs on your face, neck and wrists. That way you'll cultivate a discreet yet insistent aroma, but won't make a full-frontal assault on the object of your desire's nostrils.

Always try to match your colognes and aftershaves with your personality, mood and the season. Stick to lighter fragrances in warm weather, for instance, as heat intensifies fragrance. There are basically three categories of male scents — fresh, woody and oriental — making mix and match the only way to go. Be fresh in summer or when you are feeling casual. When clothes get heavier or you need something more formal, tune into the woody wavelength. For evening or just to be sophisticated, switch to oriental overtones.

Finally, the best way to come out ahead — that is, if you know the woman you want to attract — is to lead her through the men's toiletries section of a department store.

Try out a few fragrances and then watch her reaction. If she immediately starts to swoon, you'll know you're on to a sure thing.

— CHRIS JACKSON

ALG/BF/5457

Hello?

You snore.

And you steal the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne.

What on earth are you going to do with it … give it to that secret lover you've got stashed away in Perth?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you … and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.

Paco Rabanne
An after-shave for men
What is remembered is up to you

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FOR THE MAN WITH A SENSE OF STYLE

Elegant accessories from Australian PLAYBOY

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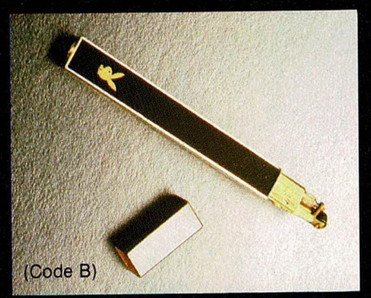
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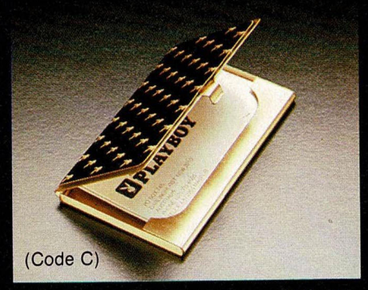

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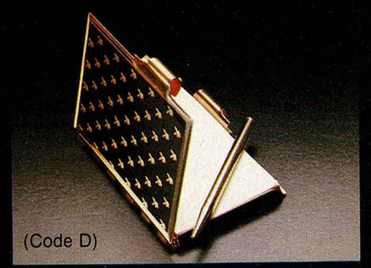
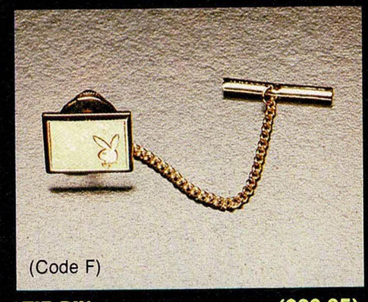
The sophisticated way to present your business card. 18ct gold plate finish, easy open and close


(Code D)

EXECUTIVE NOTE PAD ($29.95)
They'll note your sense of style when you use this. With matching minature pen, in 18ct gold plate

(Code E)

CUFF LINKS ($39.95)
In 18ct gold plate, this very masculine accessory is certain to attract the discerning female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TIE PIN ($29.95)
The glint of gold against a silk tie to invite closer inspection from the right woman. 18ct gold plate

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SP6/SEPT

CASTRO *(continued from page 30)*

Apartheid is the most shameful, traumatising, and inconceivable crime in today's world.

principle. It can't be ignored that as this was happening, there were armed actions against the Soviet people from all over the West: the Germans, who attacked and penetrated the Ukraine to Kiev; the French in the South; the English in the Murmansk region in the north; Japan and the United States in the eastern territory. *Everyone* joined in. World War I had already ended but intervention in the Soviet Union went on for several more years.

What happened in later years is well known: even Finland itself was used by fascist Germany to attack the Soviet Union. The country was invaded and I believe that contemporary history doesn't know of any other example of such massive destruction and death as was caused by fascism there.

After World War II, the Soviet Union was surrounded by dozens and dozens of nuclear bases: in Europe; the Middle East; Turkey, which lies on the Soviet border; in the Indian Ocean; Japan and other Oriental countries; and by military fleets near its coasts in the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, the Pacific Ocean. No one can deny these facts. It was surrounded by nuclear bombers, nuclear submarines, military bases, spy bases, electronic installations — a country totally surrounded. What happened at the end of World War II is perfectly well known. The United States and the Soviet Union were allies and there was an agreement that the Soviet Union would participate in the war against Japan. Despite its enormous casualties, as soon as the war in Europe had ended, it sent troops and military equipment to the Manchurian borders and religiously kept its part of the agreement. However, the United States developed the nuclear weapon in absolute secrecy and didn't say a single word to the Soviets. History has recorded these facts; they are known and proved. How can the Soviet Union be accused of a warmongering and aggressive attitude in the face of these historical realities? How can we not explain the Soviet Union's highly sensitive reactions regarding anything that occurs near its territory? Who is historically responsible for this lack of trust on the part of the Soviets? How can international politics be explained so superficially and simplistically?

PLAYBOY: Many people believe the next full-scale war will break out in South Africa. As an opponent of apartheid, what do you think can be done there?

CASTRO: Apartheid is the most shameful, traumatising, and inconceivable crime that exists in today's contemporary world. I don't know of anything else as serious, from the moral and human standpoint, as apartheid. Particularly after the struggle against nazi-fascism, after the independence of all the former colonies, the survival of apartheid is a disgrace for humanity. The major industrialised countries, however, have made heavy investments in and collaborated economically, technologically, and through the supply of weapons, with the apartheid regime. In fact, South Africa is an ally of the West and it is the West that has actually made it possible for that system to endure. The United States, for instance, has systematically opposed all sanctions against the South African regime.

PLAYBOY: What international measures would you propose to force South Africa to abandon its policy of racial apartheid?

CASTRO: As long as South Africa continues to receive technological assistance, economic assistance and assistance in the form of weapons, it will remain unaltered, adamant, and will continue in its blackmailing position. South Africa, like Pinochet in Chile, the West's other fascist ally, parades itself before the West as the great standard-bearer of anti-communism and other social changes.

I wonder: Is there any fascist regime in the past 40 years that has not been an ally of the United States? In Spain, the Franco regime; in Portugal, the Salazar regime; in South Korea, the fascist military; in Central America, Somoza, the military dictatorships in Guatemala and El Salvador; and Stroessner, the military dictatorships in Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil, as well as the Duvalier regime. I don't know of any reactionary, fascist state that has not been a close ally of the United States.

The West is responsible for the survival of apartheid. How can you justify the aggressive, subversive measures against Nicaragua, the economic blockade of Cuba, which has already lasted 26 years, and then talk about constructive relations with the apartheid regime? If South Africa were effectively isolated, economic measures were implemented against it and everyone were to support them, the apartheid system in South Africa would come to an end. The measures the United States takes against socialist countries are not taken against apartheid! Nothing about apartheid has produced sufficient revulsion in the leaders of the Western countries, just a few embarrassing situations which they try to explain with hypocritical statements.

PLAYBOY: Would you favor, then, an international war against South Africa?

CASTRO: No. I'm not saying that violent measures should be taken. They're not needed at all. What is called for is simply international political, moral, technological, and economic pressures. This will not in the least harm the vast majority of South Africa's population who live in the ghettos and who are being massacred and assassinated every day.

PLAYBOY: You are passionate about South Africa, yet Cuba has been widely condemned for its extensive military involvement in Africa. How do you justify sending Cuban troops to such countries as Ethiopia and Angola?

CASTRO: We sent troops for the first time outside our country in 1975, precisely when South Africa invaded Angola, at the moment of its independence. We are the only country that has actually fought the South African racists and fascists, the only country in the world (in addition to Angola, of course, which was under attack). You can be absolutely sure that all the African countries have always admired and been thankful for this action by Cuba. The troops are still there, to defend against another operation by the South Africans. It was simply that, an unexpected situation in which somebody had to fight against the racists, and not some larger plan by the Soviet Union, as the United States has claimed.

PLAYBOY: What about Ethiopia? There was no South African invasion there.

CASTRO: Until very recently, Ethiopia had lived under a feudal regime. Before the revolution, there was even slavery in Ethiopia. We appreciate the importance of the revolution in Ethiopia, one of the largest African countries, with the longest tradition of independence, but a very poor country, one of the poorest in Africa. Right after the revolution, contacts were established between the new Ethiopian leaders and ourselves. We supported their socialist experiment and also sent them doctors, instructors and weapons.

Then came an invasion to seize some oil-rich land, this one from Somalia in the South, while the separatist movement in the north was being fanned with the aid of such American allies as the Sudan, Saudi Arabia, and others. It was a difficult moment for Ethiopia. The revolution could have collapsed; the Ethiopian people needed our help and we sent it. No one could help them when they were invaded by Mussolini's troops, but this time they received support from tiny Cuba.

PLAYBOY: In one case you intervened in what would be called a civil war, and in both cases you have troops there well after the moment of crisis has passed. Do you really claim that Cuban troops are still in Africa in a just cause?

CASTRO: Only a few well-equipped units with combat capabilities still remain in Ethiopia as a symbol of solidarity. They will remain there as long as the Ethiopian government deems it convenient. That is not the situation in Angola, a nation with a

smaller population, less experience, and faced with South Africa's military might. There, too, the dirty war was organised through the South Africans, who did just what the United States is doing in Nicaragua. I consider that what the Cuban troops are doing are truly honorable causes, among the most honorable in the history of Africa. I think that nothing can stop the course of history. Nothing shall prevent the tens of millions of Africans living in ghettos and bantustans in their own homeland from some day becoming the masters of their own destiny. The concentration camps of Dachau and Auschwitz also came to an end.

PLAYBOY: Earlier this year the US Congress approved President Reagan's request to fund the MX missile program, which was called both a bargaining chip and a response to Soviet arms build-up over the past few years. Washington apparently feels the Soviets can be outspent. As one who knows the Soviets, how do you feel they will respond?

CASTRO: I think it would be a mistake to imagine that the Soviets are not capable of matching the US in this arms race. Of course, they don't want to, but if they are forced to, the Soviet people have, on more than one occasion, proved that they're capable of making enormous sacrifices when the circumstances so demand. As you recall, during the first half of this century, the Soviets experienced two major foreign interventions: the one that took place immediately following the 1917 Revolution, and later, the fascist attack in 1941 during World War II with the death of 20 million people. You're talking about a people who have known war much more intimately than the United States, and who do not want war. But there is no doubt that they are capable of making the necessary sacrifices to respond to any challenge, at any cost.

PLAYBOY: Do you think either side is prepared to break any new ground in an attempt to slow down or stop the arms race?

CASTRO: I am more familiar with the Soviets and I know how they think, both the leaders and the people, and I know that they are sincere, that they earnestly desire to find a peaceful understanding that will reduce the risk of war. Furthermore, this has its rationale: as I just said, they have known war, dramatically, on their own soil; they have more experience and greater awareness of what war is. I also feel that, in times past, some leaders of the United States have sincerely sought detente and a decreased risk of war. However, I have my doubts as to whether that is the feeling of the present administration, and I think there may be some who are actually thinking about military superiority.

PLAYBOY: You have recently spoken out against attempts to pressure Third World countries to repay their staggering debts. Don't you think these nations have a moral responsibility to pay their creditors?

CASTRO: You say that the countries have a moral responsibility. When you talk about nations, you're talking about the people, the workers, the farmers, the students, the middle class — the doctors, the engineers, the teachers, the other professionals — and the other social sectors. What did the people get out of the foreign billions that were spent on weapons, deposited in US banks, misspent, or embezzled? What did the people get out of the overvaluation of the dollar or out of the interest spread? They got absolutely nothing. And who has to pay for that debt? The people: the workers, the professionals, and the farmers; everybody has to make do with reduced wages, reduced income, and make huge sacrifices. What is the morality of imposing measures that result in a bloodbath in an effort to make the people pay the debt, as was the case in the Dominican Republic, where the International Monetary Fund's measures resulted in dozens of people being killed and hundreds more shot? The people have to protest, because they are being forced to pay a debt that they didn't contract and that brought them practically no benefits.

I think it would be a mistake to imagine that the Soviets are not capable of matching the US in this arms race.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that Third World countries should simply cancel their debts?

CASTRO: Even if they wanted to, repayment is an economic impossibility, a political impossibility, a moral impossibility. You would practically have to kill the people to force them to make the sacrifices required to pay that debt. Any democratic process that tries to impose those restrictions and sacrifices by force will be ruined. The debt simply cannot be paid. "Give me liberty or give me death." The choice for those governing Latin America now is between the cancellation of the debt and political death.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be arguing that it would be more *moral* to cancel the debts than to pay them. Do you really feel it is more moral to let the people who loaned the money suffer the economic consequences?

CASTRO: Yes. It's much more moral to cancel the debt, which would benefit billions of people. And I'm not just talking about Latin America's debt. I'm also talking about the debts of Africa and Asia, which affect the lives of over 70 percent of mankind. This is far more moral than to spend this money on weapons: chemical weapons, nuclear weapons, biological weapons, aircraft carriers, battleships, strategic missiles, and Star Wars weapons. What is truly immoral, an act of bad faith, practically a betrayal of mankind, is to force the people to go hungry, to live in poverty, to live in the worst material, educational, cultural and health conditions in order to spend a trillion dollars on weapons and military activities every year. This is what is being spent on preparing the conditions for a catastrophe, to kill hundreds of millions of people and perhaps even to wipe out mankind.

PLAYBOY: Do you honestly feel any of this is realistic — that creditors should simply swallow the losses from the cancelled debt?

CASTRO: I'm not suggesting that the banks lose their money; I'm not suggesting that the taxpayers pay more taxes. I am suggesting something very simple: to use a small percentage of military expenditures — which wouldn't be more than 12 percent — so the governments of the creditor nations can assume the debts from their own banks.

It's a simple accounting operation. It's not going to close a single factory; it's not going to stop a single ship along its route; it's not going to interfere with a single sales contract on the market. On the contrary, employment, trade, industrial and agricultural output and profits would be increased everywhere. It isn't going to hurt anybody. The only adverse effects would be on arms and military spending.

What, for instance, will be the consequences for the future US economy of spending $2 trillion in only eight years for military purposes, instead of investing it in industry, technology, and economic development? The only significant development has been registered by the arms industry, but weapons aren't goods that the population can consume. Rifles, bullets, bombs, bombers, battleships, and aircraft carriers increase neither the wealth nor the productive capacity of a country; they can't meet any of man's material or spiritual needs. You can't even fish with those boats; you can't do anything with them that's useful for human life, health, or the struggle against cancer and other diseases.

PLAYBOY: Again, you describe the dire economic consequences of military spending by the West while the Soviet Union, a socialist state, is engaged in the very same arms race.

CASTRO: A socialist can better understand —is better prepared to understand, from a theoretical point of view — the folly of spending on weapons the resources needed to meet the pressing needs and problems of any human society. The socialist states know what can be done with those resources both at home and abroad. A glance shows the poverty and disasters that plague our planet. The arms race is a crime against mankind. Why not opt for a serious, sincere effort to seek peace and co-operation among all countries, based on full respect for the sovereignty and the social system that each

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people has chosen for itself? As for the Soviets, they are not to blame for the arms race. Their response reflects decisions made in Washington — the desire to protect themselves against possible US aggression. But they are not the culprits.

PLAYBOY: What will happen, in your opinion, if the industrialised world refuses to cancel the debt?

CASTRO: If a negotiated solution cannot be found, the Third World will impose a solution: unilateral cancellation. Industrialised nations will not have any actions open: economic blockades, invasion of Third World countries, repartitioning of the world's territories and resources, as in past centuries, is simply impossible today. Any rational person can understand this. They couldn't invade 10 countries, blockade 100 countries.

PLAYBOY: Since it's not likely the industrialised world will follow the course you're recommending, what do you see as the final outcome?

CASTRO: If we want to be madmen, if we want to continue the arms race and keep this unfair economic order, we will continue along the path leading to large-scale famines, great social conflicts and, what is even worse and very probable, a large nuclear conflict, until all people, both sane and insane, are wiped off the face of the earth. By the way, it may also be said that not all madmen are in government, and not all who govern are mad.

PLAYBOY: To shift again, as we near the end, to a personal topic, are you still an avid reader? Do you still find time?

CASTRO: Yes, though my tastes have varied with time. Of course, when I was younger, literary works and novels, for example, interested me more than now. Obviously, a good novel is pleasant reading, really recreational reading, so I read many novels. I remember perfectly that during the 22 months I spent in prison there weren't enough books there for the 15 or 16 hours a day that I read. I read literary, economic, historical and political works, but throughout my life I have usually preferred history books, biographies, books about nature, narratives.

I've read many memoirs, from Churchill's, which is quite unwieldy, interesting, with a lot of historical data, to De Gaulle's. I've also read numerous books on the world wars and the main events that took place then. I've read most of the books dealing with the actions carried out both by the Western powers and the Soviets. I've read practically all those books — memoirs, narratives, particularly about the military actions.

Once in a while I delve into the roots of the language and I reread Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, one of the most splendid works ever written. If it weren't for the long narrative passages it contains, which make it somewhat boring at times, I would read some excerpt from it every day.

I've also read all of Hemingway's works, some of them more than once. I'm really sorry he didn't write more. I've also read most of Garcia Marquez's novels, stories, historical works, and newspaper articles.

It is amazing, isn't it, to think of the enormous amount of quality publications that are printed every year and the tension between the desire to read all of them and the real possibility of reading very few?

PLAYBOY: If you were to step down tomorrow, what would happen in Cuba?

CASTRO: Let me tell you one thing. If tomorrow I were to resign all my functions, first, there'd have to be a truly convincing reason for the population to understand it, that's the first thing; that it be logical, natural and justifiable. I couldn't just say, "I'm going to drop these activities because I'm bored or because I want to lead a private life." It would be difficult to explain and difficult for the people to understand. The people have also been instilled with the idea that one must do everything possible, that one must give top priority to all revolutionary obligations.

I haven't the slightest doubt that though I can still be useful and make further contributions to the Revolution — there are still some things which need a little time to mature — I believe that the opinion and the recognition of the people with respect to the role I've played and my efforts in the Revolution would be truly high. This in no way means that everything has been perfect, free of errors, or anything of the sort. But I'm quite sure that there'd be a high opinion of my services.

PLAYBOY: Let's end on a hypothetical note, on a note of imagination. Here is something truly wonderful from your point of view. Suppose the US cancelled Latin America's foreign debt as you proposed and offered substantial aid to boot — in other words, offered to treat the hemisphere with the fairness you think it deserves. What would you do then? Reassess your views?

CASTRO: If the United States were to spontaneously do what you say — if such an inherently selfish, neo-colonialist system were capable of that generosity — a real miracle would have taken place, and I would have to start meditating on that phenomenon. I might even have to consult some theologians and revise some of my opinions in *that* field. If that were to happen, *I* might even enter a monastery.

PLAYBOY: We asked you toward the beginning of this interview if you considered yourself a dictator. Do you again deny the charge?

CASTRO: I would say that I am a *sui generis* type of dictator: one who has been subjected here to the oppression, torture, demands and impositions of two interviewers, and one who has shown his willingness to discuss any topic openly, frankly, and seriously.

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

My girlfriend and I have a rather funny problem we are curious about. During intercourse we enjoy trying different positions and with the more unusual positions, or where she is on top, a small, popping noise (rather like wind) can be heard from her vagina. This doesn't worry either of us; in fact, at times, we can't do anything because we're laughing too much. It doesn't embarrass me, either. We would just like to know what causes the strange noises.

— D.C., SA.

If only there were more people like you. So many problems would disappear if people learnt to laugh at them instead of becoming embarrassed. It's likely every couple who enjoy vigorous sex have experienced the same problem. As you have realised, it really isn't a problem at all except it certainly can put you off — it is very hard to remain passionate when you are convulsed with laughter.

The vagina contains air (like any other orifice exposed to the surface) and this air is forced in and out by the penis moving in the vagina.

The noises which result can also occur during masturbation due to changes in the shape of the vagina and the release of pockets of air when the uterus and vagina contract at orgasm. Just as schoolchildren invariably delight in embarrassing teachers by pulling a thumb against cheek to make vulgar noises, the vagina can also act as a wind instrument.

I'm worried about the fact that when my girlfriend and I have sex my sperm doesn't seem to stay in her — it all runs out again. Does this mean there is something wrong? Is it normal?

— L.S., WA.

Yes, and very messy it is, too! Most of the ejaculate containing the sperm does eventually leak out of the vagina after intercourse. However, this ejaculate (the liquid released when the man climaxes) consists mainly of fluids which nourish and carry the sperm until they are released in the vagina. Although the ejaculate contains three million active sperm per cubic centimetre, when these sperm are removed (ie when the man has a vasectomy), there will appear to be just about as much fluid released. When the man ejaculates, within minutes millions of sperm make their way up the vagina, through the cervix, uterus and into the Fallopian tubes. The fluid which remains in the vagina is simply the leftovers, containing the sperm which don't make it, plus all the nutrients which are no longer needed.

If you are worried that your girlfriend cannot conceive a baby if the ejaculate doesn't stay in the vagina you can rest assured that the instant the sperm are released in the vagina they start making their way up to meet the egg. For many, many women conception occurs far too easily! And as for the leftovers, it is up to your girlfriend to decide how to deal with the mess. Some women are very uncomfortable with sticky knickers and prefer to shower or bathe after intercourse or insert a tampon. Others enjoy having a secret reminder of the pleasures they have just enjoyed.

I am writing to you with a problem that has recently started to worry me: during sex, either intercourse or oral, I am unable to

ejaculate. Although I experience extreme pleasure I seem to be unable to reach orgasm. Also, being uncircumcised, I have found that pulling the foreskin backwards when erect can be painful as if my foreskin is too tight.

I have recently lost my virginity but no contraceptives were used so I pretended to hold back. But during oral sex, I could only pretend to my girlfriend that I did not want to ejaculate.

— C.C., Qld.

It may well be that your foreskin is too tight. It would be worth checking with a urologist to see if you have a problem there. If you are unable to fully retract your foreskin, you leave yourself susceptible to infection as you will be unable to remove the smegma, the white substance which collects under the crevices of the foreskin. A tight foreskin can also cause pain during intercourse when thrusting causes the skin to be stretched over the erect penis.

It would be best if you talked to your girlfriend about your lack of orgasm. It's far better that these things are out in the open so you can work on the problem together. Sooner or later she's bound to worry about your reaction and often a woman feels that if a man doesn't climax she cannot be attractive to him.

With her co-operation you could also try to find ways of incorporating your normal arousal pattern into your lovemaking: you lying on top of your girlfriend, for instance. See if you can find some way of learning to climax with her help, as this will be a step towards climaxing in intercourse with her. Also try to gradually teach yourself to respond in different ways.

It will take time and you may prefer to seek the help of a sex therapist to help you (there can also be psychological factors prohibiting you from responding — the more you worry about climaxing the less likely it is you will reach orgasm). A therapist could help you reduce some of that anxiety.

You receive a lot of letters from men concerning the length of their penises, and at five inches I am happy with my length.

But it is very skinny and I was wondering if there is any non-surgical way to add a little more to the girth. My problem is mainly that, as the old saying goes, I don't touch the sides.

— M.T., NSW.

Sorry, there aren't really any ways of thickening a penis. You will have to accept the fact that penises come in all shapes and sizes and you are certainly not the only man who hankers for a spot of remodelling. What you must do is work out how to make the most of what you've got. You say you are having problems "touching the sides". It's a strange expression that conjures up images of someone with a very thin bottle brush trying to make contact with the sides of a very large bottle. But the unaroused vagina isn't a large stationary bottle-like cavern; it's more like a deflated, highly elastic balloon with the vaginal walls virtually closed together. When an object (such as a penis) is inserted into a vagina, the walls expand and cling around the object, so in fact you are *always* touching the sides, whether you feel them or not.

The amount of stimulation provided by the vaginal walls will depend on the state of the muscles which surround the vagina. When a woman has strong muscles, you are more likely to be aware of pressure against the penis, and she, in turn, will receive more stimulation. When the vaginal muscles have

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become slack (perhaps through stretching during childbirth), it is possible to strengthen the muscles through the use of exercise (these are often described in childbirth education books). Apart from investigating the possibilities of increasing stimulation by tightening the vaginal muscles, you should also explore positions where you receive maximum contact between the penis and the vaginal walls. For instance you could try some of the scissors positions where you both lie on your sides facing each other, with your upper trunks at right angles to each other, legs intertwined. These positions give very good pelvis-to-pelvis contact and plenty of stimulation.

NEW RAPE TEST

Three medical researchers at the University of California report the development of a new and more accurate test to verify the presence of semen and therefore the occurrence of sexual intercourse in cases where rape is alleged. Writing in *The New England Journal Of Medicine,* Dr Howard Graves of the university's School of Public Health says that he and two colleagues have found a protein called p30 that is unique to semen and therefore reduces the number of falsehoods or inconclusive results that occur with present testing methods.

IT'S UP TO YOU

Here's great news for you all — the release of a much needed self-help book for men with erection problems. Before all you guys tune out, muttering to yourselves, "*I* don't have *those* sorts of problems," it should be pointed out that one in four Australian men over 40 experience some difficulty with erections and almost all of you will at some time in your life find yourself caught at half-mast. No male is totally infallible and you might as well prepare yourself for the fact that it is likely to happen and find out what can cause it and what you can do when it does.

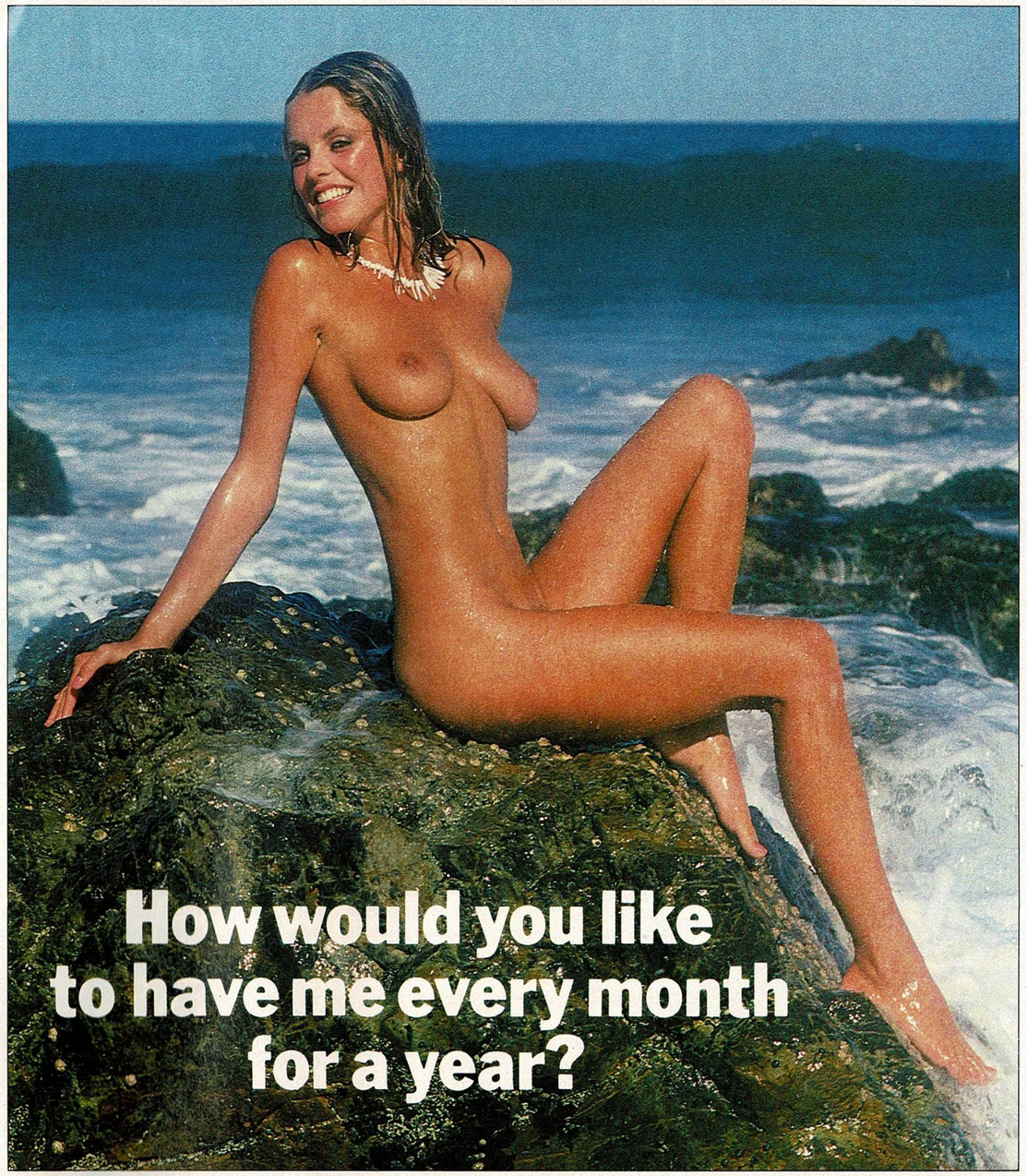
This excellent new publication, *It's Up To You* (Williams & Wilkins, 1985), is written by Warwick Williams, a Sydney psychiatrist and sex therapist.

Dr Williams is one of Australia's most experienced sex therapists and probably knows more about impotence than anyone else in this country.

It's Up To You includes basic information about the structure and function of the penis, how erections work, the normal effects of ageing on the erectile process and how men talk themselves into erection problems.

Dr Williams has included some fascinating snippets of information related to men's physical health:

"Just as some males react to stress with specific physical symptoms like diarrhoea, tension headaches, etc, it appears some men have a constitutional vulnerability to impotence — their erection mechanism is especially vulnerable to stress...



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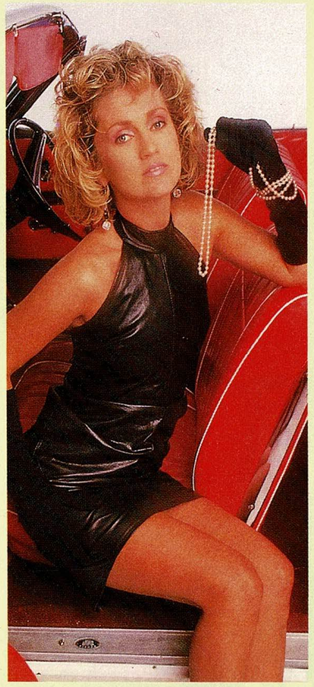

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"There is no doubt however that *some* smokers have their impotence reversed or alleviated when they cease smoking although it can take as long as three months to achieve the maximum benefit. *Any impotent man who smokes is very well advised to give up smoking completely. . .*

"Alcohol consumed in sufficiently large quantities will interfere with any man's erectile capacity, but some men are particularly susceptible to the erection-inhibiting effect of alcohol, and require only a very small quantity to induce impotence. Continued excessive alcohol consumption can contribute to impotence by causing damage to a variety of body structures affecting the erectile process. If you use alcohol, it is well worth while experimenting to see whether it is aggravating your problem, by stopping *completely* for at least a month. If you find it difficult to stop drinking completely, you may have a drinking problem, and you should seek guidance as to whether or not you do, and if so, how you can overcome it. A good family physician will be able to help here."

There is also information on the role of the specialist in treating sexual problems, who the sex therapists are and what sort of qualifications they are likely to have. And then there is excellent advice on the psychological aspects of impotence and the effects of this problem on relationships. Here, too, Dr Williams demonstrates his understanding of the importance of emotional factors in coping with the problem:

"A truly caring and co-operative partner is your greatest asset in overcoming your problem. However, if she is to help you maximally, she must understand as much as possible about your problem, and *especially* how you feel about it. Let her know just how being impotent makes you feel, even if it sounds over-dramatic. You will certainly find that sharing with her your anxieties, shame, guilt, anger and so on will make you feel much better, and take a lot of psychological pressure off your shoulders and, even more importantly, off your penis."

Finally, there is much-needed advice for the impotent male who is not in a relationship and avoids contact with women for fear of sexual failure. Dr Williams suggests men in those circumstances should form relationships and then, when they feel comfortable with their new partners, they should level with the women about their difficulty:

"My experience with many impotent men over the years has led me to have absolutely no doubt that the direct levelling approach is better than any other alternative with a new partner. It puts you into a no-lose situation. If she can't handle the situation sympathetically, she is not for you anyway, and you will find that out very quickly. More usually she will be accepting of the difficulty and try to help. If you do get an unsympathetic response, do *not* catastrophise and convince yourself that *all* women will have the same response — this simply is not true. Just keep on looking until you find the right partner."

It is nice, positive, helpful information, written by an expert who has helped thousands of men cope with a very difficult situation.

We strongly suggest that you take a look at this important new book.

CELIBATE MAMAS

A study on child health reports that it's probably all right to have sex during pregnancy. The study polled women for information on 56,000 pregnancies between 1959 and 1966 and found no correlation between the amount of sex and infant mortality or premature birth, the dangers most closely associated with sex during pregnancy.

In another finding, the study showed, as one might anticipate, that sexual frequency decreased as the length of the pregnancy increased. When the figures on frequency were compared to similar figures for women who were pregnant later, during the '70s, there was no appreciable difference, proving that the ritual is still the same: first she gets a little bit pregnant, then she gets a whole lot pregnant.

MISSING LINK

Scientists in Boston, USA, have discovered that AIDS may be linked to monkeys. The boffins have traced the AIDS virus back to the point where they believe it originated in monkeys and only recently spread to people. The scientists at the New England Regional Primate Centre say they have positively identified the AIDS virus in monkeys and believe it is the same as that which is busily scourging the human race.

They have also traced it back to the point where they believe AIDS started in the African green monkey in central Africa. Now, all we have to do is find a very short-sighted gay tourist who travelled to central Africa sometime in the past decade.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

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